THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1821. THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY. 1872.

Vol. LII. H. PETERSON & CO., No. 319 Walnut Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1873. TERMS } $3.00 a Year in Advance. Single Number, 6 Cents. } No. 23.

MY DAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GLEN CAROL.

If I might but recall that day !
That happy day, lying folded away,
A leaf in the book of time—
My blossom from life's May !

The sun cannot shine for me
As once it shone in a day that is gone—
A day that is fast in its grave,
As wide and deep as the sea.

Is there comfort in dead joy ?
Why cannot hearts break for dead love's sake ?
Must we still live on, though hope be gone ?
And life such a worthless toy !

I thought old father Time
Dropped from his palm a healing balm
As he gathered the dead hours in—
Balm for all hearts save mine !

Am I mourning still for that day ?
I would give these years, blotted with tears,
And the long, long years, perchance to come,
I would blow with a breath away—
Only give me back my day !

RAVENSWOOD;

OR,

The Raftsmen Of The Delaware.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BURR THORNBURY.

CHAPTER I.

LOST ON THE HILLS.

"I say, Frank, this is getting rather serious. Can we have taken the right way? 'Twould be no pleasant matter to be lost on these hills, for night is coming on, and there is an unmistakable chill of snow in the air. Is there no sign of a cabin ahead?"

"None at all, Philip. We appear to be going further and further from human habitations. This road is no road at all any-more—a mere mountain path. It leads deeper into the woods, I believe; and I propose that we turn back."

"Anything for a change; this is becoming slightly monotonous."

"There!" exclaimed the second speaker.

"What?"

"Anything for a change, you say. Well, we are to have it—a change of weather. There fell the first snow-flake."

"Whew!" cried the other, in a sort of dismayed whistle. "It is as I feared. We are in for it indeed, unless we find shelter soon. We will turn our horses' heads, and make for the river. We may chance upon a lumber-camp or saw-mill, and either would be better than this gloomy forest."

The riders, for both were mounted, accordingly wheeled about and began the difficult task of retracing their steps.

They were handsome, stalwart young fellows, whose bright eyes and intelligent faces would impress the beholder favorably at once. They wore the garb of woodmen, but something in their air and bearing denoted that they were not forest-bred. A keen observer would have guessed that they were in closer connection with civilization, and that their presence among those hills was accidental rather than habitual.

Their names were Frank Leighton and Philip Wayne. Two more gallant, fearless and companionable young men were seldom to be met with. The former—the senior of his companion by a year or two—was, physically, a splendid specimen of American manhood, somewhat excelling the latter in this respect, though both were singularly prepossessing in exterior. Of their social and mental qualities we shall learn more, further on.

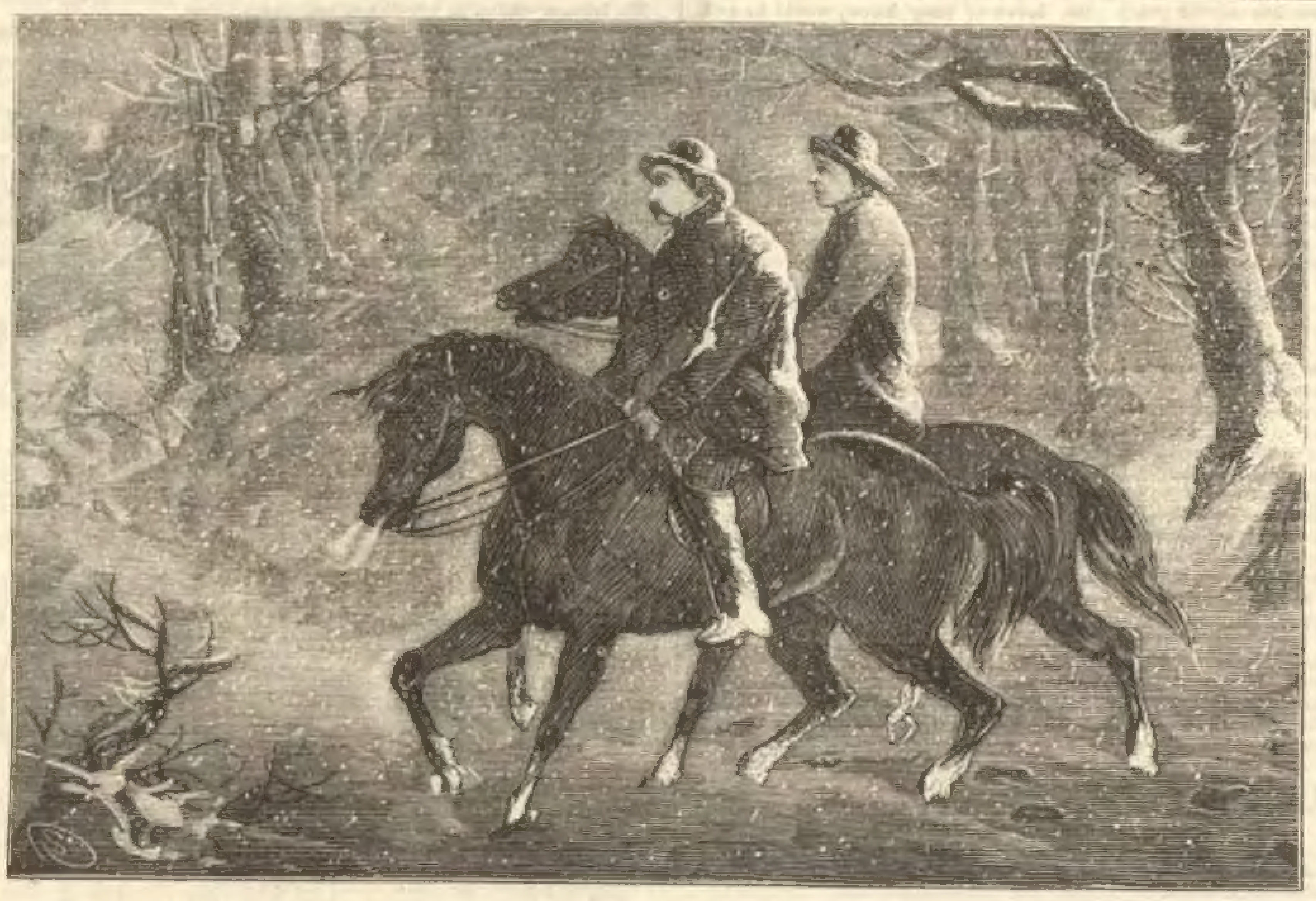
Frank Leighton was tall in person; his figure faultless in proportion, with strength as well as grace expressed in its outline. His features were bold and well defined, yet possessing a softened look, as if he were gentle as well as brave. His eyes were of a bright, dark-gray; his hair fine, glossy and abundant, sweeping back in rich masses from a forehead both broad and high. His complexion was pure, though exposure to the weather had somewhat browned the naturally fair skin. A countenance, sunny even in his present perplexity, he possessed; gentleness, courage, good-nature could there be read. As his name was, so was his nature.

His companion, Philip Wayne, was not so admirable in his physical make, but was distinguished by greater beauty of feature. There was evidently more of passion and sentiment in his nature—his feelings, though no purer, might be finer. He was of medium height; his frame compact and muscular, though lacking the vivifying grace that was noticeable in that of his friend. His eyes were very dark, as was also his hair; his features were classical in their regularity, and their expression very pleasing. More thoughtful, more intellectual, more passionate than Leighton, like him he carried a cheerful spirit and a warm heart.

Both were pure-minded and well-principled; both had lived in virtue and temperance, and their reward was manifest in their abounding spirits, and their blooming health and strength. They were the sons of gentlemen, accustomed more to the "world" than the wilderness, yet at ease in both.

The snow-flakes thickened from the moment the first had been observed, and soon the air was dim with the descending whiteness. The young men surveyed the situation with considerable anxiety, though they were not yet really alarmed. They apprehended nothing worse than a fatiguing ride in the storm and the probability of having to pass the night in some uncomfortable cabin.

The region through which they were passing was one of the wildest of the timber districts of Pennsylvania. It was near one of the upper tributaries of the Delaware, and at the period of which we write—nearly fifty years ago—was covered with a magnificent growth of pine and hemlock. The primeval forest, standing as the Indians had left it, was around them, though the axe of the lumberman and pioneer was soon to be used against it. Vast were the treasures it yielded to the raftsman and the builder, and even to this day it is not exhausted, but annually from those wilds are floated great quantities of timber to supply the wants of the growing and greedy towns and villages below.



FRANK LEIGHTON AND PHILIP WAYNE LOST AMONG THE HILLS OF THE UPPER DELAWARE.

"Are we to have a regular north-easter?" said Philip Wayne as they faced the blinding snow. "A north-easter, even in April, in this northern region is not to be made light of. Are we to be snowed under, Frank, and heard of no more until some lumberman discovers our bones next May?"

The tone of the speaker was jesting, but a real anxiety was depicted in his countenance.

"Not so bad as that, I trust," answered his companion, "but we may have an unpleasant experience before getting out of this. What a dismal sound the wind makes in these pines; it is enough to cause one to shudder."

"It is a mournful music, truly. I usually enjoy a snow-storm, but I do not like all these accompaniments. Are we on the right line of retreat, do you think, Frank?"

"We are certainly riding toward the river, and that is our safest course. The road is hardly to be seen, but we must manage to follow it. To lose that would be to lose ourselves."

"We were rash, perhaps, to attempt this cross-cut to Bankton, though we were told it was quite direct. But it is too late for regrets now."

"That old hunter presumed upon his own familiarity with the locality, I suppose, when he directed us. You do not imagine that he would deceive us, Phil?"

"Assuredly not; he only erred in thinking that we could follow the path with the same ease that he could himself."

"It is a wonder that he was not more explicit in his directions. There are no egotists like these old hunters. They delight in giving information to strangers, and in displaying their knowledge of woodcraft. They have a perfect contempt for our ignorance, too. They think the mountains were made for them, as they surely were for the mountains."

"I would rejoice to have one of them with us at the present moment. Then I should have no fear of having to make my bed of a snow-drift."

All this time the two travellers were urging their horses onward, doing their best to maintain the proper direction.

A word or two in explanation of their presence in that lonely region, may here be acceptable to the reader.

The primary object of their visit was to transact some important business for the father of Frank Leighton, who was largely interested in the rafting operations of that part of the country. Philip Wayne had accompanied his friend, partly because the latter had expressed a desire to have him do so, and partly from a love of variety and adventure.

The secondary object they had in view was to ascertain the whereabouts and effect the arrest, if possible, of a notorious river-character, who had been concerned in the perpetration of a series of bold robberies that had recently been committed along the Delaware, from Easton to Trenton. Murder had been the culminating crime of these evil-doers, and a large reward had been offered by the authorities for their apprehension. Suspicion had been secretly but strongly directed toward an individual known as River Rickson, who was ostensibly engaged in the rafting business, but who, it was supposed, made that honest calling only a cover for his nefarious doings. He thus provided himself and his associates with opportunities for midnight descents upon the towns and farm-houses at different points along the river.

Circumstances led to this conclusion, and Frank Leighton—whose father had been one of the sufferers at the hands of the robbers—had accidentally come into possession of information that induced the belief that the head-quarters and chief haunt of the band were on the shores of the upper Delaware.

Having business that would take him to that locality, desiring to assist in breaking up the villainous organization, and stimulated by the large reward offered for the capture of its leader, he had imparted his secret to his friend, Philip Wayne, and they had resolved to attempt the exciting work of ferreting out and arresting the desperadoes.

Obtaining a warrant for his arrest, and securing the services of a county constable, they had ventured into the district which they felt assured afforded a hiding place to the outlaws. It was a somewhat perilous undertaking, but they expected the co-operation of the raftsmen of the river, to whose ears the whisper had gone that some of their number were suspected of evil-doing ashore. Naturally indignant because of this rumor, it was presumed that the raftsmen, who were a wild, but in general a gallant class, would desire to have the real offenders brought to justice, that their own fame might be cleared.

The business that his father had entrusted to his care had been satisfactorily transacted by Frank Leighton, and with his friend he had set out for Bankton, where they were to join the constable, who had gone ahead to "reconnoitre." They had expected to meet him early that afternoon, but attempting a nearer path to the place, instead of the circuitous route around the mountain, they had missed their way, and thus found themselves in the unpleasant situation in which we left them.

"Lawton will think we are long in coming," said Frank. "We would have been in Bankton before this had we not rather foolishly attempted to expedite our meeting."

"'Tis said that the longest way round is the nearest road home in sleighing time," replied Philip, with a laugh; "and as snow is becoming quite abundant, the saying doubtless holds good; we should have taken the longest way."

"We must make the best of it now. I hope, if we are snowed under for a day or two, that Lawton won't get impatient and start for home."

"He would not do that; he is too eager to get his hands on River Rick to abandon the undertaking so early."

"I fear he will be obliged to do without our assistance," sighed Frank Leighton. "And what a disappointment I am doomed to bear," he added, with a laugh. "You can't imagine, Phil, what pleasure—rapture even—I promised myself in restoring to Aunt Esther her stolen silver spoons!"

"Don't grieve over that now, Frank," returned Philip. "You will do well if you succeed in restoring yourself to your aunt. How the good lady would distress herself if she knew of our present predicament. As to the spoons, I conjecture they are *down* the river, with the other plunder. Only the villains themselves are to be found in this quarter."

"What now?" he suddenly exclaimed, as his companion drew sharp rein on his horse.

"We are off the track again, Philip," said Frank, seriously. "Look at that gigantic stump."

He pointed to an enormous hemlock stump, fully eight feet high, and of striking appearance, covered as it was with snow.

"We never passed that," he declared; "I would have noticed it. It is broken off in a peculiar manner. We have taken the wrong path, with all our care. I have looked sharply notwithstanding my rattling talk; but we are lost, Philip, lost on the hills, and with a northeast snow-storm raging."

The faces of both assumed a more serious expression than they had yet worn. They began to be really alarmed.

"What shall we do?" asked Philip Wayne, in great perplexity. "If we go on, it may be that we shall only make matters worse. To retrace our steps is impossible."

"We cannot be far from the river, but the trouble is to know what direction to take to reach it. We are as likely to go deeper into the forest as toward the stream. Your hearing is exquisitely sharp, Phil; can you detect the roaring of the river?"

Both listened attentively for some moments, but the wail of the wind through the branches of the trees overpowered every other sound.

"I hear nothing but the noise of the storm," spoke Philip.

"Let us go on, trusting to Providence to lead us out of this."

They quickened the pace of their animals, and through the dim and desolate woods rode steadily and almost in silence for nearly half an hour. The path they were endeavoring to follow led to the summit of a ridge of considerable elevation, from which a partial view of their surroundings could be obtained.

They halted and gazed eagerly over the valley before them.

Everywhere spread the dense forest, with not a break in its uniformity. The great snow-flakes sifted softly down, loading the branches of the trees, and plastering their trunks with whiteness. At the point where our friends had paused, a fire at one time had evidently swept, causing a partial destruction of the forest. The tract over which the flames had passed was limited in extent, and the fact of such a visitation was to be accounted for only by supposing that the fire had, during a period of drought, been accidentally started by some hunter and then extinguished before spreading far by an opportune fall of rain.

The fire-blackened pines, their trunks covered on one side with the damp, clinging snow, gave an aspect inexpressibly dreary to the spot. Some stood tall and jagged, dead at top, others fallen, their branches reaching out in the storm like wild, imploring hands. Others, having escaped the ravages of the flames, stood green and hopeful, receiving the snow as a benediction. In one place were noticed the stumps of a considerable number of huge trees that had been uprooted by the wind—fire and tempest had both visited that windy summit. The tops and trunks had moulded away, and the snow falling upon the uptorn roots and earth gave them the appearance of a multitude of winter graves.

"How dreary!" was the simultaneous exclamation of the wanderers, struck by the remarkable sight presented.

A chill, that came not alone of the outside cold, went to their hearts as they gazed upon the desolate scene. But only for a few moments they contemplated it. The afternoon was wearing away, and the prospect of passing the night on the hills, of which they had at first spoken almost jestingly, became too much of a certainty.

"Lead on, Philip," said Frank, "I will follow; this path is hardly wide enough for us to ride abreast. Heaven grant that it become no narrower, leading only to the hole of a fox or the den of a bear."

"We will cross yonder valley, then, as the road appears to lead thither, trusting that beyond we may find some settler's cabin."

Again they proceeded, descending the rough slope and entering the wooded lowland. Twilight came on, but lingered long, for it was an April evening and the snow-light seemed to lengthen the day, stormy as it was.

"A December afternoon would be different from this," remarked Frank. "It is well for us that darkness is so long in coming."

"'Twill be here soon enough," was the reply, "though the snow will prevent a blind night. We shall find this forest gloomy enough, however, if we do not emerge from it soon."

"If we could only reach the river," said the other, anxiously, "we might consider ourselves safe. A ride, either up or down its bank, would probably bring us to a place of shelter. Such a path as this, Phil, I never followed before. I believe it is nothing but a bear-trail after all."

"We cannot do better than to follow it, even if it be that. It may take us to some settler's pig-sty, for you know Bruin is fond of visiting such places."

"I fear it would be our luck to take the wrong direction, and bring up at the bear's den instead of the former spot," said the young man gloomily.

Night had now fairly descended; the snow still fell, and had already gathered to the depth of several inches.

The lost ones had reached the opposite side of the valley, and through a gorge or ravine were leaving it behind them. It had become impossible to follow longer the uncertain road—if such it really were—that had up to this time been their guide. It had ended or divided apparently at the mouth of the pass—at any rate there was little left to lead them—and they had determined to enter the ravine which was wide and inviting and offered few obstacles to their advance. Had the valley through which they had just passed contained a running stream, they would have followed it, presuming that it would empty into the river of which they were in search. But strange to say there was no sign of water, and they concluded that the valley was nothing more than one of those "elevated depressions" occasionally to be found in the mountainous parts of the State. Its limited extent and circular form, as observed from the fire-swept summit described, confirmed them in this view. They therefore chose to leave it while opportunity offered, and accordingly attempted the inviting pass.

But they knew not whither they were going—they acknowledged they were lost, and their only hope was that good fortune would Weariness was upon their frames and gloom direct them to a refuge ere it was too late. upon their spirits; their horses were becoming jaded, and could with difficulty be forced to bear them on. The poor brutes seemed as bewildered as their masters, apparently conscious of their distressing situation.

The snow-fall had now lessened, but the wind increased in violence and the cold in intensity. A delicious languor began to creep over the bodies of the wanderers, but they aroused themselves and entered again into conversation, for they knew that to yield to that delusive feeling would be death. To increase the circulation of the blood and give warmth to their chilled bodies, they dismounted and led their horses forward up the pass.

Reaching the summit, they again mounted, and with awakened life in their limbs took fresh courage. But despair again succeeded, for there was nothing in their situation to keep their hopes alive. The same inhospitable wilderness engirt them, and through it the tempest roared with a fearful might. In an agony of storm the forest rocked, and the dim light that the snow caused to linger, served only to make visible the gloom and show them the utter dreariness of their surroundings.

"We are lost, Frank, I fear," said Philip Wayne, in tones of despair; "lost forever. We have not strength to wander all night, and if we halt we perish. We were careless enough to neglect to provide ourselves with the means of making a fire. We might at least keep from freezing had we been sufficiently provident. God help us! You will never see sweet Edith Williams again, Frank, and I—."

"Oh, cheer up, Philip," interrupted Frank, with an attempt at gayety. "We are not dead men yet." But his looks expressed his fears, and the mention of that name caused him painful emotion.

"I know there's no use in despairing," said his friend, "but we might as well accept the facts. Let us go a little further, though—this is a terribly cold spot."

They once more proceeded—in what direction they knew not—when suddenly, as they were about yielding to despair, for longer to hope seemed vain—an exclamation of joy broke from the lips of Frank Leighton.

"We are near shelter!" he cried.

His companion peered eagerly around.

"I see nothing," he said, "to encourage us."

"Nor I," answered Frank; "nothing is to be *seen*, but use your sense of smell, Phil."

Philip looked surprised, but snuffed the wintry air.

"Ah! I comprehend," he cried, with rising hope. "I detect the odor of fresh-burnt wood—smoke falling with the snow."

"That is it; we are near some human habitation. Hurrah!" He gave vent to his joy in a ringing cheer that filled the forest with sounds more cheerful than the tumult of the storm.

"Hurrah!" shouted Philip, likewise rejoicing.

That their presumption was not unwarrantable a few steps further disclosed, for dimly through the snowy gloom, upon their delighted vision shone the light from the window of a rude forest-dwelling. Had Heaven itself opened before them with its brightness they could scarcely have been more rejoiced. They approached the cabin, dismounted, secured their horses, and knocked at the low door.

After a moment's waiting they heard a movement within, and a woman's voice bade them enter.

CHAPTER II.

A TEMPORARY REFUGE.

Quickly obeying the summons, they opened the door, and presented themselves to the astonished gaze of the occupant of the hut. The figure before them was that of an elderly woman, whose appearance denoted the slightest possible acquaintance with civilization. Her features were bronzed almost to the hue of an Indian's, but, though rough and almost coarse, they were not unkindly in their expression. The quick look of surprise that showed upon them the moment she beheld the two young men, indicated that she expected other comers.

Her hair was unkempt, her attire disordered and tattered, and, considering the temperature of the atmosphere, none too abundant. The tall, ungainly form of this backwoods creature showed to most unflattering advantage as she stood in the centre of the cabin floor, her head almost touching the rafters above, and her surprised and questioning looks giving intense animation to her dark face.

"Why, lawks me! Who be ye?" she exclaimed, amazed that two such handsome and stranger-looking men should present themselves at that time and place.

"We are travellers, my good woman, lost on the hills," said Philip Wayne. "We are cold and tired, and would ask shelter for ourselves and horses."

"Come in, come in," cried the woman in tones of hospitable warmth. "It's a poor place, but sech as it is ye're welcome to it."

She directed them to rude seats before a blazing fire, whose ruddy gleams were trebly cheerful contrasted with the gloom without, and whose aromatic odor was most grateful to their senses, as they remembered that by it they had first been made aware of their proximity to a place of refuge. They warmed their chilled bodies before the blazing logs, expressing to their entertainer their gratitude for her hospitality. They had suffered from the cold more than they at the time realized, for their exhausted frames, after the excitement and motion that for hours had kept warmth in them, had yielded to the reaction that followed, and become numb and insensibly weary.

The hard-featured but kind-hearted woman bustled about, replying to their expressions of gratitude by assurances of her pleasure in being able to afford to them such comfort and protection.

The first anxiety of the young men was for their horses—the poor brutes must have shelter or their masters could not be at ease. This was also the woman's thought, for after her guests had partially warmed themselves, and just as they were about to mention the subject, she said:

"You say you hev hosses outside; well, that's bad fur them. What'll you do with 'em?"

"Isn't there a rough shed near that would afford them a partial shelter?" inquired Frank.

"Nuthin' o' the kind," was the reply; "nuthin' better than a pine or hemlock, and the poor critters would freeze there. We keeps no hosses o' our own, and never had callers here with 'em afore."

"Our animals must be cared for, or we could not rest ourselves," said Philip Wayne. "Perhaps we are not distant from some lumber-camp or settlement. Could you not direct us there?"

The woman looked thoughtful.

"Doubtful," she said, at last. "There is a timber-clearin' not far away, and it's likely you'd find men and shelter there. And farther on is a patch o' a settlement—a tavern and a string o' shanties. But you'd never find either place yourselves in this storm, bein' strangers in these parts too. You'd get lost again and freeze, hosses and all."

"But we must attempt to reach the settlement," spoke Frank Leighton. "Our horses have done well for us, and we must try to do the same for them."

"Humans is more than hosses," remarked the woman sententiously. "You mustn't leave here alone. I hadn't ought to hev told ye o' the place ahead. But, hold on awhile; I'm expectin' my sons to home arter a time—Sam and Jeff, and Jeff he'll pilot you through."

The two travellers were indifferent as to whether it was "Jeff" or "Sam" who was to act as their guide, but they were determined to find comfortable quarters for their horses, if possible.

"So jest you simmer down, young fellers," continued their hostess imperiously, but not unkindly. "My boys will be along soon. Go out and hitch your hosses on the sheltered side o' this shanty, and I'll give you a couple of skins to throw over 'em. Won't that do?"

"Admirably," was the answer, as they departed to perform this service for their shivering animals.

The skins—bear-skins they were—were produced and buckled on them, and the condition of the faithful beasts was thus rendered much more tolerable.

"If we could only give them a good feed," said Philip, "it would be better yet."

"I don't s'pose they'd eat venison," remarked the woman, "and that's nigh about all there is. But come in and get your own suppers—you're famishin', I know."

"I'm frightfully hungry, that's a fact," admitted Frank, as the three re-entered the hut. He almost immediately regretted his words, for as he more closely surveyed the interior of the cabin, he observed that everything was in a condition of uncleanliness that would tend to make one suspicious of the quality of the viands that might be set before him. But as venison would probably be one of the articles of food, further reflection satisfied the young man that he might appease his hunger with safety, unless it was insisted that he should partake of other dishes as well also. The woman at once commenced the preparation of the promised meal. Huge slices of venison were placed upon the fire, and the savory odor was very appetizing to our friends after their exhausting ride and fast. Rye-flour cakes were next prepared, and what appeared to be a pie was brought out from the corner cupboard, and placed upon the table.

Philip and Frank would have watched all these movements with satisfied interest, had not the slatternly habits of their uncultured hostess created a previous disgust for the food—the venison excepted. But as everything was meant for the best, and as the hospitable woman was utterly unconscious of any violation of the rules of good cookery—the foremost of which is cleanliness—they exchanged meaning and amused glances, and resolved to meet the coming ordeal with heroic spirit. Grateful as they were for the kindness and well-meant hospitality of their entertainer, they could not ignore entirely her amazing disregard of culinary propriety. Dirt and happiness seemed to be her condition.

The hot and savory venison, the steaming rye cakes, the mysterious pie, and a lump of streaked and rancid butter formed the feast of which our friends were cordially invited to partake, and to which they were expected to do full justice.

A dirty homespun table-cloth and a few cracked and greasy-looking plates, the latter bearing the finger-marks of the mistress of the establishment, were upon the table.

"There," she said, as with beaming countenance she directed her guests to seats, "I've knocked you up a sort o' supper, and I hope you'll help yourselves. It ain't much, and I 'spose you're used to better fare, but it's better than starvation."

"The venison is very nice," said Frank, helping himself to a piece. Both knew from the woman's manner that notwithstanding her disclaimer, she really prided herself upon her effort, and expected praise therefor. They accordingly felt obliged to say something complimentary, and fortunately could speak truthfully in such terms of the venison.

"Suthin' warm to drink would ha' gone good with you, I know, but we're out o' tea and coffee—livin' so far from the store—and I won't let my boys keep whisky about."

"We are doing very well indeed," said Philip, helping himself to a second slice of the meat, but avoiding the sticky rye cakes. "You are right to bring up your sons in temperance, and as for us we never touch strong drink."

The good woman felt that her opposition to liquor-drinking met with their approval, and was gratified accordingly.

"Don't be afeared o' the cakes," she said, passing the plate to Frank. "There's more on the griddle—mebbe you'd like a hotter one?"

"No, thank you," answered he, taking two, and while she was busy at the fire, he adroitly slipped one in the leg of his boot, pretending afterward to be legitimately disposing of the other.

Philip did the same, and thus the pile of cakes was diminished considerably, much to the gratification of their hostess, who suspected nothing of what had been done *sub rosa*. The butter they declined, but ate heartily of the venison.

A fresh supply of the cakes arrived, and each of the young men managed to swallow a couple. So far they had got along very well, but their concern now was how to avoid eating a part of the pie—that being a compound of which they felt they could not bring themselves to partake—and at the same time give no offence to their entertainer. They well knew that in accordance with the backwoods fashion, she would insist upon their partaking liberally of the "dessert."

"Done a'ready!" she exclaimed, as they placed their knives on their plates. "Why, you hain't half eat—my boys 'd call that a slim bite. Here's a pie to top out with; you must take some o' it. It's mince pie—a little out o' season—but you'll find it tasty. I *did* put a drop or two o' licker in it—out o' the medicine bottle."

Mince pie! Horrors! Frank and Philip looked at each other in momentary dismay. In vain they declared they never ate mince pie—refusal to partake of such a dainty was incomprehensible to their hostess.

"'Taint every woman that knows how to make mince pie" she asserted. "There's sev'ral *'gregents*, and it's a daffy thing to get the proper dab o' each."

Several ingredients! that was the worst of it. The young men feared that in the present case the ordinary number had been exceeded. What could they do? To swallow a portion of that fearful mixture they felt sure would result disastrously to their stomachs. To refuse would be to offend their well-meaning hostess, and that they did not wish to do.

At this trying juncture, just as the woman began to show her surprise at their repeated declination of the proffered pie, a noise was heard outside the cabin, and she dropped the dish on the table, and turned toward the door, saying:

"Them's the boys."

Taking advantage of this diversion in their favor, Frank and Philip, with difficulty repressing their risibilities, each took a piece of the pie and quickly stuffed it in the remaining boot-leg.

The door opened, and two rough, hardy-looking youths entered, gaping in wonder at the strangers. Their mother quickly explained the cause of their presence, glancing meanwhile at the table, her features taking a satisfied expression as she observed that a portion of the delectable pie had disappeared. Whither, the good woman was never to know—she rested in happy ignorance of the facts.

Her guests had risen from the table, and intimated their desire to proceed on their way.

"Jeff," said his mother, addressing the elder boy, "do you think you could guide these gentlemen to the Seven Pines?—they're strangers hereabouts, and wants to find shelter fur their hosses. Would you git lost yourself in the snow?"

"No, mam; I wouldn't miss the way—I can lead 'em there," answered the young fellow quickly and confidently. "It's only a mile—not that far across."

"Don't you try goin' across; you'd get lost sure."

Frank and Philip both agreed that they had sufficient experience in "going across," and said that the safer, though longer, route must be taken.

"Either way then," said the accommodating Jeff, who seemed anxious to act as pioneer.

The young men warmly thanked their hostess for her hospitality, and each slipped a few bright silver pieces into her hand as they parted. She would have refused such reimbursement, but they insisted upon her taking the money, and the hesitating eagerness with which she accepted it, showed that she was well pleased to receive it after all.

"[illegible] me!" she exclaimed. "I don't see such beauties as them often here in the backwoods. But I hadn't ought to take it I'm afeared. You're welcome for the warmin' and the supper, I'm sure—sech mannerly young fellers, too."

They smiled at her compliment, and told her to retain the money as a gift, secretly hoping she would invest a portion of it in soap, if such an article was to be obtained.

Mounting their horses, and exchanging a farewell word with the good-hearted creature, they turned from the spot, their guide going ahead on foot.

The snow was still falling, but in finer particles, and the cold had increased; it was in fact, becoming "too cold to snow."

Refreshed and strengthened by the generous meal they had eaten—for such the venison was, and even the rye cakes proved digestible—they did not mind the severity of the weather; and as for "Jeff," he probably had never experienced the sensation of cold. The hardiness of a backwoods boy is wonderful.

When a considerable distance had been passed over, Frank and Philip laughingly relieved their boot-legs of the load that had there been deposited. The subject of their mirth, was, of course, unknown to their guide.

"Do you not feel remorseful, Frank?" asked Philip, as they tossed the stuff into the snow.

"Not in the least," was the mirthful answer, "though we are guilty of an exceedingly cruel deception. I am considerably concerned as to the condition of my pantaloons, that is all."

"I think we got off well. That was a brilliant idea of yours, Frank—making such disposition of our dessert."

"Yes," returned Frank, complacently. "I had occasion to resort to such a measure once before."

"Indeed; then your wit has served you well."

"You can hardly understand the strange sensitiveness a backwoods woman feels in respect to her culinary abilities," said Frank, in tones that could not reach the ears of Jeff. "It is astonishing. Now, there is not a kinder creature in the world than the woman we have just left—yet had she suspected our sentiments toward that pie, the probability is that she would have taken such offence as to refuse us a guide to the settlement. A little practical diplomacy was quite useful in the case."

"Yes; and yet we are truly grateful for her kindness," said Philip.

And they were.

"And to the Providence that guided us to her hut," continued his companion. "What would have been our fate had we not discovered it?"

A silent gladness and gratitude filled the hearts of the young men, for they felt that death might have been their portion.

They were now near the forest hamlet—known as the Seven Pines—a spot not far distant from Bankton, but of which neither had heard previous mention. It was further from the Delaware than the latter place, and was probably the growth of the preceding season.

They reached the little settlement, lying in the muffling whiteness of the snow. No light shone from the windows, and not a creature was stirring. They were conducted by their guide to the front entrance of the low log-tavern—strongly built, apparently, and of considerable size—and a vigorous rapping on the door soon elicited a gruff response.

"Who's there," was demanded.

"Jeff"—whose voice was at once recognized by the man—replied that he had conducted the travellers thither, and intimated quite strongly that they desired immediate admittance.

From the grumbling tone of the remarks that followed, it was concluded that visitors at that time of night were not entirely welcome.

"Don't keep 'em waitin' here all night," called the boy, whose solicitude for the travellers' comfort seemed greater than the landlord's.

The door of the rude building was opened, and, in a challenging tone, inquiry was made as to who the applicants for shelter were.

"Two strangers who have lost their way," replied Frank Leighton, somewhat impatiently, for the man seemed unnecessarily slow, and even cautious in admitting them.

"Strangers, eh? We don't often have such in these parts. But come in, and I'll try to 'commodate you."

They entered, and the landlord aroused an assistant to take care of their horses.

"Jeff" declined to tarry—he was not cold, he said—and "mam" would be waiting for him. So he was liberally rewarded for his services, and thanked in addition. Well satisfied with the remuneration he had received, he set out for his cabin home.

Philip and Frank seated themselves before the open fire-place, the embers of whose huge "back-log" cast a flickering light upon the floor. No other light had yet been produced.

As they sat there a chill of apprehension—they knew not why—crept over them. There was something in the atmosphere of the place that hinted of evil, and the moodiness of the landlord in no degree lessened their uncomfortable feelings.

CHAPTER III.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

Silent and apparently sulky, the landlord of the Seven Pines sat apart from his guests while they were warming themselves before the glowing coals. His manner was so different from that of his class—a backwoods landlord is usually the most sociable and talkative of men—that they were at a loss to account for his taciturnity. Surely, they thought, their untimely arrival was not to be considered so disturbing to his good nature. Perhaps he was a constitutionally morose individual—though they had never before met with such a person in his line of business.

No lamp nor candle had yet been lighted, and it seemed to the young men that their surly host had endeavored to keep his face as much in the shadow as possible. He appeared to be in a state of unquiet meditation, as if he was engaged in the solution of a perplexing question. Had their coming anything to do with his quandary? or had he been previously embarrassed?

They at length expressed a wish to retire. The request aroused him from his revery.

"Yes," he said, and then without making any movement that looked like conducting them to a sleeping-apartment, he became suddenly talkative and inquisitive.

"Lost your way, you say?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered Philip Wayne, briefly.

"What point did you leave?"

"North Eddy."

"Ah, a considerable raftin' centre. Business there, maybe?"

"Yes, sir," replied Philip, a little stiffly. Had the man at first been less unsocial he would not have resented any inquiry as to their business as impertinent. Such questioning would have been accepted as perfectly legitimate in that section, where it was presumed that every man—and especially every stranger—was interested in the lumber trade and the operations connected therewith.

"Raftin', of course," said the man, making his own conclusion.

"Fine season; everything cheery; market good, and lots o' logs in the water and on the banks. Been in these parts afore, young men?"

Frank Leighton answered that he had, but that his acquaintance with the region was slight.

"Where were you expectin' to stop for the night?"

"Our destination was Bankton."

"Know anybody there?"

"No resident of the place. We were to meet a friend."

"Ah!" said the landlord, with a slight start; "was down there myself to-day. Seen a stranger at Hendricks' who 'peared to be lookin' for some one—a red-haired little chap—might he be your man?"

"Probably," said Frank. "The description, so far as it goes, is good, but there might be other "red-haired little chaps" about."

"But this one had a scar across his right cheek."

"Our friend, then."

Could the young men have seen the face of their host at this moment, they would have observed a strange expression to pass over it. But he still kept his features hidden in the shadow, and though both glanced keenly at him they could not read his countenance. They did not fail to note that the uneasiness of his manner was increased, and a sudden suspicion entered their minds as they reflected upon the questions he had addressed them. His inquiries, they thought, partook somewhat of the nature of a cross-examination. What was its object? Had he guessed the character of the constable, and in some way obtained an inkling of his intentions? Did he suspect that they might be in league with the officer, since they had admitted that they were on their way to Bankton to join him?

The young men looked at each other significantly, though with apparent indifference, for they felt that the eyes of the landlord were upon them, and his position in the shadow gave him an advantage of observation over them.

Mr. Lawton, they knew, would be sufficiently cautious and circumspect in his movements, but for all that, a clue to his designs might have been obtained by the parties of whom he was in search; if so, and if Frank and Philip were suspected of being his confederates, their position at once became a perilous one.

The landlord now arose, apologizing for delaying them, and left the room, saying their beds would be ready for them in a few minutes. He took with him a rude lamp from the bar, but as our friends could not fail to suspiciously observe, did not light it until he reached the kitchen, to which he first passed. They saw by the glow through the cracks of the door that this had there been done, and soon they heard his footsteps ascending the stairs.

The looked at each other again with mutual meaning in their glances.

"I don't like that fellow's behavior at all," whispered Philip.

"Nor I," responded his friend, in the same cautious tone. "He suspects us, or fears us—perhaps has learned something to make him uneasy. It is evident that he don't know what to do with us; yet if he were an honest landlord, he would act very differently."

"He must keep us to-night, however, at any risk to himself or to us. Look to your pistols, Frank. If he means evil, we must be prepared to defend ourselves. I will not leave this roof until morning—I prefer fighting to freezing."

Perhaps we misjudge him, after all—but his conduct is very strange; and we must remember that this, according to almost certain evidence, is the district in which River Rick and his band have a rendezvous. We cannot be too careful."

They sat in silence for some time, reflecting upon the unpleasant possibilities of their position, and then Philip said,

"Did you notice how desirous our host was of keeping his face from our view. Does he fear recognition, I wonder?"

"I remarked that at first. How long are we to be kept waiting for permission to retire? Our slumbers to-night must be brief as well as broken."

At this juncture the landlord re-entered the room, and pointing to an open stair-way, said that they would find a sleeping-apartment at the head of it.

"There is a light in the room," he added, apparently indifferent to the wonder his eccentric action occasioned.

They bade him good-night after they had reached the top of the imperfectly lighted stairway, and a none too pleasant "good-night," was his response.

When the door of the room—or loft, for it was scarcely more—was closed, they turned toward each other. In the light of the lamp the expression each read in the other's face was a sufficient revelation of his feelings. Words were not necessary. They felt that they were in a doubtful and dangerous position, and silently resolved to make the best of it. Their first care was to see that the weapons they carried were in condition for instant service. An examination of the apartment was then made. It was simply a square, cheerless-looking place, with a bed on one side, and a rude stand and a chair or two on the other. There was but one window, and that they ascertained could be opened without difficulty. Whether it would afford a safe means of exit in case of such a necessity, they could not in the outside darkness ascertain to their satisfaction. Masking the light, they looked out, but could only assure themselves that the distance to the ground was not great.

Their attention was next directed to a door through which communication was had with the adjoining apartment. They tried to open it, but found that it was secured on the other side. Having completed the examination of their surroundings, with the stand and chairs they barricaded the entrance from the stairway, and placing the bed against the second door, which though fastened on the other side opened inward, they extinguished the lamp—which had nearly burnt out—and removing their boots, without further disrobing, they lay down. Their slumbers, as may be imagined, were not the most profound. They slept in a broken way, however, for some time—how long they could only guess—when Philip, who was more wakeful than his companion, thought he detected a movement in the next apartment. Listening, he heard the movement repeated, and then a faint sound as of a person in pain reached his ears. He softly aroused his friend, who needed but a slight touch to bring him to a wide-awake condition, and together they listened for further demonstrations.

They had not long to wait.

A strange, struggling sound, a muffled movement—these repeated—were what they heard. A silence followed, broken only by a gasping sigh as if a painful partial breath were drawn.

After a pause the same subdued struggling sound was distinguished by the ears of the excited listeners.

A human presence was certainly in the next room, but as to the nature of the movements there being made, they could not determine. It seemed as if a struggle in little more than pantomime was going on.

Resolved to acquaint themselves with the meaning of these mysterious proceedings, our young friends softly arose, went to the door, extended themselves on the floor, and placing their ears close to the space above the sill, listened intently for some time.

They heard nothing more than at first, until the sounds were varied with an expression that indicated relief. Then a cautious footstep approached the door, and a hand was placed upon it as if to remove the fastenings.

"Who's there?" at this moment whispered Philip Wayne.

A dead silence ensued.

"Who's there?" he repeated. "If some one in distress, we may be able to assist you. We are friends."

"Friends! thank Heaven!" was ejaculated in a whisper of joy. "I am a prisoner—a prisoner expecting death."

The tones of his voice, though low, were distinct. Frank and Philip started violently as they heard them.

"*It is Lawton!*" they exclaimed, in surprise and alarm.

The words broke from their lips with almost imprudent loudness.

"Hush!" warned the prisoner, who had recognized his friends. "We are all in peril of our lives. This is a den of villains—River Rick's own head-quarters, I believe."

"How can we aid you?" asked Frank Leighton.

"I know not as yet. I am unarmed. I was seized, dragged to this place and thrust into this room. I was bound and gagged, but succeeded in freeing my limbs."

The explanation of the sounds that had been heard was now made.

"How came you here?" continued the constable.

There was no time to relate the facts even briefly, so Frank only said:

"We are here by accident. We have our weapons, and are prepared to defend ourselves and to aid you. Can the fastenings of the door be removed? it opens toward us, but is secured on the other side."

"I am in total darkness, but I will try what can be done."

He felt for the bars or whatever might hold the door, but could not at once ascertain the form and strength of the fastenings. His movements were necessarily made with caution, for any further sound might alarm the hostile inmates of the house. He succeeded at last in displacing a bar which in some manner secured the door; but other obstacles were to be overcome.

His friends waited in breathless eagerness the result of his attempts to place himself with them. They were planning some course to pursue when he should have effected an entrance. Should they endeavor to escape from the place, or remain and take the chances of a siege? They were indignant at the treatment their comrade had received, and resolved—once in a position to take the offensive—to continue their efforts against the desperadoes to the bitter end. The work had become exciting already, though they confessed that the beginning was not auspicious.

"There is an arrangement here that baffles me completely," whispered their imprisoned confederate after a lengthened endeavor to remove the obstacle.

"Shall we burst through, though the noise bring our enemies upon us?" asked Philip Wayne.

"Not yet, not yet: leave that as a last resort. Perhaps you had better make your own escape, and bring me assistance afterward."

The suggestion was not very favorably received.

"You may be murdered before we return," said Frank; "you must go with us, or we will remain and share your danger."

"Hist!" at this moment breathed the prisoner, "some one is coming."

A cautious footstep was heard upon the stair, and an advancing light cast its beams through the cracks and crevices of the door leading into the room occupied by the constable.

Apprehending the approach of an enemy, he made a new and violent effort to establish communication with his friends. He succeeded just as the door of his prison was stealthily opened. The three turned toward it, expecting to behold the face of an assassin. Frank and Philip drew their pistols, ready to defend themselves, but to their amazement, instead of a dark-faced murderer, they saw the features of a young and beautiful girl. A vision of surpassing loveliness was presented to their wondering eyes. She glanced eagerly in, an expression of mingled earnestness, terror and timidity resting upon her fair but anxious face. They had prepared themselves to see a demon—they beheld, instead, an angel. They made an involuntary movement toward her, but admiration and astonishment kept them mute. She did not turn from them, but by an impressive gesture signified that they should follow her. They did so in silence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THREE TIMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST TIME.

"Positively the last night of Herr Rudolph Prusinowski and the performing lions! Positively the last night! For the benefit of Herr Rudolph Prusinowski. Under the distinguished patronage of their Majesties Queen Victoria, the Emperor of China, the Cham of Tartary, his Serene Highness the Grand Duke of Baden, Simeon Muddlebrain, Esq., M. P., the Mayor and Corporation of Spindlecum, and other august personages too numerous to mention. Come early. Positively the last time. Come and see the lions. Herr Rudolph Prusinowski, the favorite of crowned heads and the elite of Europe. Take notice! The great Prusinowski has had the honor of performing before the Mikado of Japan. The world-renowned Prusinowski has been decorated with the order of Rouge et Noir by the Grand Duchess of Selzerwasserburg. Don't miss the lions!"

The above sentences, and many others of the same character—in which a picturesque fancy, aided by the experience of a public career, trifled with the sobrieties of fact and trippied lightly across the borderland of fiction—appeared in gigantic black letters upon a yellow poster on the side wall of the Queen's Theatre, Spindlecum, and in the streets and market-place, upon the quays, and in the back slums of the same town. Spindlecum was a large manufacturing town—a town that did a good deal of business in the export way, and had much commerce by land and sea, and Spindlecum could boast of two theatres: the Royal, an elegantly-appointed edifice in a side street on the quay, with a stone portico surmounted by a bust of Shakspeare; a house about which elderly inhabitants of Spindlecum cherished traditions of Edmund Kean, and where Macready and Harley were remembered as stock actors, but a house which had never paid a manager within the memory of man; and the Queen's, a vast, barn-like building, with a lofty roof supported by iron girders, three tiers of boxes, and Alpine heights in the way of galleries, which, contemplated from the broad valley of the pit, seemed inaccessible to the foot of man. The Queen's was making a fortune for its managers. There was a sixpenny pit, and there was a threepenny gallery, whereby the house was never empty, and on Mondays and Saturdays overflowed with noisy human life. The audience at the Queen's was critical, but on the whole good-natured; requiring plenty of life and movement in the pieces, and what may be called showy action in the performers. The Queen's liked stars, and was tolerably universal in its appreciation of those luminaries; this week clamorous in their applause of some stalwart Othello or loud-voiced Hamlet, next week gaping entranced upon the contortions of a family of acrobats; now crowding to see Mr. Reginald Montmorency and his celebrated mare Black Bess in the grand spectacular drama of Dick Turpin, or the Ride to York; anon rushing to behold Signor Poloni and his striped Zebra of the Prairie.

A man with a pale, sallow face, blue chin, and close-cut hair, sat in a lounging attitude upon a low wall opposite the stage-door of the Queen's, smoking a meditative pipe, and contemplating the big yellow poster with a dreamy fondness. He had a little group of satellites about him, also close-cropped, blue-chinned and tobacco-consuming; minor lights in the dramatic heaven, the stock company of the Queen's, who were thrown a little into the background by the lions, shuffling through a preliminary melo-drama nightly before an audience who beheld them with impatience, and heard them sometimes with derision, eager for the grand business of the evening.

"I think that ought to hit 'em up," said the Herr thoughtfully (he spoke excellent English for a foreigner, but seemed scarcely to have acquired the language in the most aristocratic or æsthetic circles). "The Mikado looks well, doesn't he?"

"First rate," replied Mr. de la Zouche, the walking gentleman. "Was he a nice kind of chap, the Mikado?"

Herr Prusinowski turned his contemplative eyes upon the inquirer with a look of placid scorn.

"You ain't so jolly green as to suppose I ever set eyes upon him," he said, knocking the ashes out of his pipe. "I was never in Japan in my life; never nearer than a japan candlestick. The Mikado is a safe card, he is; who's to ask any questions about *him*? And so's the Cham of Tartary; I always bring out them two for the last night. Queen Victoria's legitimate business. I did perform once before the royal servants, and got a fiver from the royal secketary. That *is* immediate patronage."

"I expect you'll have a clipping house, oully," remarked Mr. Tiddikins, the low comedian, a small man with a falsetto voice.

"I look forward to it, Tiddikins; and if it goes over eighty I'll stand a supper, mind that."

There was a subdued murmur of applause.

"Hot or cold?" inquired Mr. de la Zouche.

"Hot," replied the lion-tamer. "None of your cold fowls and 'am, your pastry and rubbish for me. A sirloin of beef at top, and a prime goose at bottom, a veal pie and a stewed steak at the sides, and plenty of smoking hot vegetables; a prime old Stilton and a bowl of salad to wind up with, and as much champagne as you can swallow, with brandy and water to settle it on your stomachs. That's what I'll do, at the Lion and Lamb, if the house goes over eighty when the half price to the boxes is in."

This time the applause was louder.

"I always said you were a jolly good fellow, Bill," said Mr. Tiddikins, "and I don't mind how often I say it again."

It is to be observed that Mr. Tiddikins addressed the distinguished Rudolph by the simpler cognomen Bill, one of the playful licenses of friendship, no doubt.

"It's wonderful how those animals draw," said Mr. de la Zouche thoughtfully, as if he were contemplating the feasibility of setting-up on his own account as a lion-tamer. "You've been here three seasons, Prusinowski, and, egad, the people ain't tired of 'em yet. They seem as eager as ever. One would suppose they liked to see a poor beggar hazard his life every night."

"There's something in that," replied the Herr. "If it wasn't for the danger, the wild-beast business would be as flat as ditch-water."

"Were you ever frightened?" asked the walking gentleman. "I know what a plucky fellow you are, and that you handle those three brutes as if they were so many tabby cats; but still sometimes, you know, a man's nerve must fail. Come, now, Prusinowski, were you never frightened?"

"Never but once," answered the lion-tamer, "and then I thought it was all over with me."

He grew suddenly grave, gloomy even, at the mere recollection waked by the walking gentleman's inquiry.

"Never but once," he repeated, "and God grant I never may be so again! When a man in my trade loses his head, it's all up with him."

"How did it happen, old fellow?" asked Mr. Tiddikins.

Herr Prusinowski stopped to fill his pipe before answering the question. It was four o'clock upon a blazing July afternoon, rehearsal was over, her Majesty's servants of the Queen's Theatre, Spindlecum, had dined in the intervals of the day's work at their several lodgings, and had nothing particular to do with themselves until tea-time. An actor of this class has generally a rooted aversion to going home.

"Well, you see," the lion-tamer began in a leisurely way, stopping to take a few preliminary whiffs after those three words of prelude, "I was at Manchester nigh upon five years ago, and it was my last night and my 'ben,' as it might be to-night." A pause and a few more puffs. "We was doing first-rate business, fizzing, and I don't think I was ever in such high spirits in my life. My pockets were stuffed with money that I'd been taking about the town for tickets, and I hadn't a place to let in my dress-circle.

"'Why, Bill,' says my little woman, when I kept running in and out of our lodgings between whiles at rehearsal—we was close agen the slum—taking her in a handful of money every time, 'you seem as if you was bewitched; I don't like to see you like that. I had a Scotch friend once as said it was a bad sign—a sign of something going to happen.'

"'Lord love your little foolish heart,' I answered, 'it's a sign of nothing except that I'm going to have a screaming house to-night. I don't suppose there'll be a corner you can screw yourself into if you want to see me.' For she's a rare one for going in front of a night, you know, is the missus."

Mr. de la Zouche and Mr. Tiddikins murmured their acquaintance with this domestic fact. Herr Prusinowski smoked his pipe for a minute or so, and then went on:

"'Why, there's the family box!' she said.

"That's a large private box on the opposite prompt, that don't often let, unless there's Italian Opera, or Charles Matthews, or something out of the common.

"'No, there ain't,' I answered, laughing.

"'What!' cried the missus, 'is that let too?'

"'Let this morning,' said I, 'and there's the money—three pound three—thirty-one-and-six of which comes to us.'

"For I had a half share clear of expenses, same as here. Lizzie—that's my wife, you know—was quite proud to think I was going to have such a good box audience, for it isn't every box audience as will take to wild beasts. So my Liz was proud of my dress-circle that night.

"'I wonder whether it's the mayor and his family,' she said, speculating about that big private box.

"'No,' I told her, 'it's a gentleman and a stranger, no name.'

"Well, the night came, a sweltering hot summer evening, such as it will be to-night. The performances began with one of your talkee-talkee genteel comedies, and the house was so full and noisy the actors couldn't hear themselves speak. They got through it somehow, there was a short overture, and then the curtain went up for my performance. The three lions discovered in a forest, to slow music, which gets a round for *them*, and gives me my entrance and reception.

"You know the beasts, they were the same three I've got now—Brown, Jones and Robinson. Old Brown's a harmless old chap enough, not a sound tooth in his head, and no more harm in him than in an elderly jackass; Jones is a deep old dodger, but there isn't *much* harm in him; but Robinson's a nasty-tempered beast, a brute you never can be sure of, an animal that will lick your hand one minute, and be ready to snap your head off the next.

"Well, I got a first-rate reception; I thought the gallery would have never left off applauding; and the sight of the house, crammed to the ceiling, made me almost giddy. Perhaps it was the heat of the place, which was like an oven; perhaps, as I'd been standing treat or being stood for off and on pretty well all day, I may have taken a little more than was good for me; anyhow, I felt the house spinning round me, just as if I'd been some duffer of a novice, instead of the old stager I am.

"I looked at the family box O. P., curious to see who'd taken it. There was only one gentleman there, a man of fifty or thereabouts, with a cadaverous lantern-jawed face, and light reddish hair, very straight, combed neatly on each side of his forehead. He was dressed in black, regular evening dress, white choker and all complete, and, do you know, the instant I set eyes upon that man, he gave me a turn."

"That was a queer fancy," said Mr. de la Zouche, helping himself to tobacco from the Herr's gutta-percha pouch, which lay open on the wall.

"Perhaps it was; but if that night was to come over again, I should have the fancy over again," replied Prusinowski. "It was partly his own looks, I think, partly the way he looked at me; not like the rest of the audience, all good nature, expecting to be amused, but with a steadfast ravenous kind of look, that made my blood run cold. 'That's a man who'd like to see something happen to me,' I said to myself.

"I didn't give way to the fancy all at once. I began the performance; but I stole a glance at my sandy-haired pale-faced gentleman now and then, and always found him looking at me in the same way. He had large light-gray eyes, very light, and very prominent. I can see them now, and they followed every move I made, like a cat's following a mouse. He never moved his eyes from me, he never smiled, he never applauded; he sat in a half-crouching attitude, leaning over the front of the box, watching me, and he made me feel as if I had a ton weight tied to each of my legs. Everything went well for some time, though I felt I'd never done things worse. Brown and Jones behaved beautifully; but just toward the last, when I had to put my head into Robinson's mouth to bring down the curtain, I saw that the brute was in one of his nasty tempers. I suppose the heat had put him out—I know the perspiration was pouring down my face—or perhaps *he* didn't like the look of that cadaverous gentleman in the private box. Anyhow, he turned nasty, and when I wanted to collar him, bounced away from me.

"The house turned as still as death all in a moment, and I could see the audience was frightened. I gave a look at my gentleman in the box. He was leaning a little farther over the cushion, with something like a smile on his face. Such a smile; I could fancy any one going to see a man hung smiling like that.

"'Bray to not be vrighened, laties and shentlemans,' I said in my broken English (old Sauerkrant, the upholder at the Lane, taught me that dodge), 'id is nozing. Te peast vill to all I vesh;' and then I gave Robinson a pretty smart cuff, and began to drag his jaws open.

"The brute snarled, turned upon me, and in the next instant would have had his teeth in my shoulder, if I hadn't given the signal for the curtain. Half a dozen carpenters rushed upon the stage and helped me to tackle him. We had him safe in less than a minute; but just at that one moment, before the curtain dropped, it was as near as a toucher.

"There was a good deal of applause; not that I'd done anything to deserve it, for the business of putting my head in the brute's mouth was in the bill, and the audience had been swindled out of that; but they evidently knew I'd been in danger, and they called me before the curtain. I looked up at that white-faced devil in the private box. He was standing up, rubbing his hands in a satisfied kind of way, as if he had seen what he had wanted to see; and as I passed just under him he said in a slow measured voice that gave me the shivers,

"'A narrow escape, Herr. Very well done indeed! I congratulate you.'

"I gave him a look, which he ought to have understood if he didn't, made my bow to the house, and went off the stage. Robinson was quiet enough by this time. My man Joe Purdy had walked him off to his box, and there he was growling over his shin-bones, as mild a lion as you'd wish to see. 'Only let me get you safe back to London, my friend,' says I, 'and I'll take you down to Jamrack's and swop you for something better tempered. Talent is all very well; but temper's worth all the talent in the world.' However, that's five years ago, and there's Robinson still performing with me. The brute has such a wonderful gift for his profession! and his heart and soul's in it too. Take that animal in the middle of the day, when he ain't particular hungry, and he's a decent fellow enough; but come between him and his business, and you'll find out what a lion is. He's the vainest beast out, and cuts up rough if he don't get a round of applause for every trick he does. But, Lord bless you, there's no such thing as genius without vanity. He's been a fortune to me first and last, has that animal. Brown and Jones are nothing more than supers to him."

"You didn't see any more of your friend in the box?" inquired Mr. de la Zouche, who was not particularly interested in these praises of the gifted Robinson.

"Curse him, no! By the time I'd changed my clothes he had left the house. I went round to the box-office to see if the box-keepers could tell me anything about him. No; he was a stranger. He had taken his box that morning, finding there was no stall to be had, and paid his three guineas without a question.

"Now I daresay you'll think me an out-and-out fool when I tell you I couldn't sleep that night, nor many nights after, for thinking of that man. I couldn't get his pale cheeks and lank jaws and light gray eyes, with that horrid gloating look in them, out of my mind. 'That's a fellow who'd go to see a man hung,' I said to myself. 'That's a man who'd stand by to see his fellow-creatures hung, drawn and quartered, and enjoy it—especially the drawing.' I hadn't a doubt in my mind that he was on the look-out for an accident all the evening; I hadn't a doubt in my mind that it was through him I made a mess of it at the end."

"Did you never see him again?" asked the low comedian.

"Never; God forbid I ever should, for I've a notion that if I did, it would be the death of me. I'm not a nervous man in a general way, nor superstitious either; but I'd give up the biggest haul I ever made by a benefit rather than act before that man."

"A queer notion," said the humorous Tiddikins.

"A very queer notion," echoed the gentlemanly De la Zouche.

He was not a fine actor, the walking gentleman, belonging rather to that class of performer who is contemptuously likened to a stick, and his dramatic path had been by no means strewn with roses; yet he was fain to congratulate himself that it had not been beset by lions. He had been somewhat inclined to envy Rudolph Prusinowski the distinction and prosperity of his career; but just now it occurred to him that there were two sides to the picture. He rubbed his shoulder thoughtfully, and was glad to think that he was exposed to the assaults of no fiercer animals than those rampant tragedians who snubbed him when he played Horatio, and made light of him in Cassio, but who melted a little on their benefit nights, and treated him to beer.

CHAPTER II.

THE SECOND TIME.

The Spindlecum people showed their appreciation of the British drama as represented by lion-taming by giving Herr Prusinowski a bumper. Whether it was the influence of the Cham of Tartary, or the Mikado, the Grand Duchess of Selzerwasserburg, or the local member, or the simple merits of the performance, is a mooted question; but the Spindlecumians assembled in full force; and before the Herr had left the family tea-table to repair to the theatre, he received the pleasing intelligence that the crowd at the pit and gallery doors was halfway across the street.

"If we only go on like this for another year or so, Liz, I'll cut the profession," exclaimed Herr Prusinowski cheerily, "and start a theatrical public, somewhere on the Surrey side. It's a trying life is the wild-beast business."

"And a dangerous life too, William," said the little woman with a sigh.

(The renowned Rudolph's name in private life was William.)

"Not much of that, old girl. I'm more than a match for Robinson by this time. There isn't a move he's up to that I'm not down upon; and he's the cunningest beast that ever picked a bone. You're going into the front to-night, eh, Liz?"

"Oh, yes, I shall get a seat at the back of the boxes. Mrs. Prodger's going with me. She's took her ticket, and paid for it, you know, William, like a lady."

Mrs. Prodger was the Prusinowskis' landlady, a ponderous matron of fifty, who had let lodgings to "theatricals" for the last twenty years.

"Ta-ta, Liz, then; I'm off."

"It's early, William. There's the Miller and his Men—that'll last an hour and a half, surely."

"I don't believe it'll play an hour. You ought to know what my benefit audiences are—all agog for the lions. I want to have a look at the beasts before we begin, and I'm always a little nervous on my ben. Good-bye."

This was a mere conjugal excuse. The theatre, to a man bred at the side-scenes, is his club. The Herr preferred smoking his pipe in the free-and-easy atmosphere of the dressing-room at the Queen's, to the tamer delights of the domestic tea-table. He had very little anxiety about his beasts. Joe Purdy, his factotum, a keeper who had served his apprenticeship with the great Wombwell, had the custody of them.

The house was an excellent one. The boxes were not so well filled as on that memorable night at Manchester, which Herr Prusinowski had described to his friends; but the pit was a seething caldron of humanity, the gallery looked like a wall of eager faces piled one upon the other up to the roof. The Miller and his Men was performed almost in dumb show, or seemed so to be, though the leading tragedian retained on the establishment was roaring himself hoarse in the character of Grindoff, with a faint hope of snatching a stray leaf from the crown of wild olive which would be cast at the feet of the lion-tamer by and by.

Grindoff did not bate a syllable of his part or the minutest detail of his stage business; not a stamp of his russet boot, or a scowl of his heavily-corked eyebrows; but the rest of the company, less enthusiastic, scamped their work to the best of their abilities, and the drama was raced through in one hour ten minutes and seven seconds by the prompter's chronograph.

Then came a stirring overture—the Bronze Horse—during which the audience cracked nuts and became momentarily more excited; and then the act-drop rose to slow music of a soul-appalling character, and revealed Brown, Jones, and Robinson picturesquely grouped in the stock primeval forest.

There was a pause. The house applauded vociferously. There was something stirring in the notion that these three unfettered beasts might leap into the pit at any moment. It was quite a pleasant sensation—especially for the gallery. Brown, who was elderly and decrepit, yawned and stretched himself out as if for slumber, with the air of having been untimely disturbed from his after-dinner nap. Jones who was of a lively temperament, whisked his tail, and snapped at an imaginary fly. Robinson stared full at the audience, as if he really did understand and appreciate their plaudits.

The music quickened, broke into a stirring march, and then, at a *fortissimo* chord from the full orchestra, the lion-tamer bounded on to the stage—a striking figure, broad-shouldered and muscular, in close-fitting flesh-colored raiment, a scarlet girdle round his waist, and a leopard's skin over his shoulder.

There was a good, strong Sheffield knife in his belt, but he had no appearance of being armed.

His reception was tremendous. He stood bowing and moving his lips in vague murmurs, with an air of being quite overcome by his feelings, for nearly five minutes before he could begin his performance. His eyes wandered all around the house with the gaze of calculation, till they grew suddenly fixed, glaring at the stalls.

Now the stalls at the Queen's Theatre, Spindlecum, were a delusion and a snare. Spindlecum at its best was not an aristocratic town, and the Queen's was not the aristocratic theatre of Spindlecum. Except on a mayor's bespeak or under masonic patronage, the stalls were rarely tenanted. But there they were, two long rows of partitioned seats, covered with dusty red cloth.

To-night there were three people in all the length and breadth of them—two faded-looking elderly women in opera-cloaks at one end, and in the middle, in a position that commanded every inch of the stage, a middle-aged man, with a cadaverous face, prominent light-gray eyes, and lank, reddish hair, carefully dressed in full evening costume.

He sat in an attitude of extreme attention, with his arms folded on the back of the seat in front of him—he was in the back row—and his eyes fixed upon the lion tamer. For the moment the sight of him seemed to turn Rudolph Prusinowski to stone. It was the man he had been talking of that day.

The cold sweat broke out upon his forehead; but he stamped his foot savagely, angry with himself for his folly, muttered an oath, and began his business with the lions—standing upon their backs, riding around the stage upon all three at once, leading them through a kind of dance movement, described in the bills as a set of quadrilles, with garlands of paper roses, and otherwise disporting himself with them, the red haired man in the stalls watching his every movement and every movement of the animals breathlessly, and never stirring by a hair's-breadth from his attentive attitude or turning his eyes away from the stage.

Then came the feature of the evening—a single combat between Herr Prusinowski and Robinson—who was described in the bills, by the way, as "Moloch, the royal brindled lion, presented to Herr Prusinowski by one of the native princes of the Punjaub"—at the end of which the Herr dragged asunder the animal's jaws, and put his head into the red-hot looking mouth.

To-night, in spite of the deadly terror which had come upon the Herr at the sight of that one detested spectator, everything went smoothly enough. Robinson, otherwise Moloch, kept his temper, suffered his jaws to be opened to their widest extent, and the tamer's head to rest upon his tongue as on a pillow for half a dozen seconds or so, and the curtain came down to vociferous applause; but when the *bénéficiaire* was called for, there was no response. The prompter found him leaning against one of the wings, white to the lips.

"Did you ever see a man tremble?" he asked, in a voice that shook so much as to be scarcely intelligible. "If you want to see one, look at me."

He was shaking in every limb, like a man stricken with ague.

"Why, what's the matter, Cully?" asked the prompter, with more friendliness of tone than elegance of diction. "They're calling for you like mad. You'd better go on."

"I'm going as soon as I can steady myself. I never neglected my business; but I've had a turn. I never thought I should come off the stage alive to-night."

"Why, the animals were quiet enough."

"Yes, as mild as lambs; but there's a man in front that's my evil genius. I never felt superstitious about anything else before—none of your ghosts or that kind of rot—but I've got my fancy about that man. He'd like to see me killed, and he'll contrive to see it."

"Prusinowski," said the prompter, "I couldn't have believed it of you. I thought you was a man of sense."

But the prompter felt uncomfortable nevertheless. The human mind is especially open to uncomfortable sensations of this kind.

"Come my boy," he exclaimed, "they're losing temper." This in allusion to the audience, who were clamoring hoarsely for their favorite. "You'd better go on."

Prusinowski wiped his damp forehead, and pulled himself together, as it were.

"All right," he said, and followed the prompter to the first entrance, and went through the narrow opening which that functionary made for him by pulling the heavy drop-scene a little on one side. He went on, made his accustomed mechanical bow, and crossed the stage, to disappear with renewed bowings on the opposite side. He was looking at the stalls all the time. The man was gone.

"Curse him!" muttered the lion-tamer. "If he'd given me time to change my clothes, I'd have been in front of the house in time to see him come out. I want to know who he is; I want to know what he means."

He dressed hurriedly, tearing off his close-fitting garb, and shuffling on the costume of everyday life anyhow, and then went back to the prompt's entrance before the curtain had risen for the farce, and took another survey of the stalls, thinking it just possible that his evil genius had returned. But the man's place was empty. There were only the two dreary women, waiting meekly for one of the stalest, inanest farces known to dramatic literature, and fanning themselves with their pocket-handkerchiefs.

Herr Prusinowski went round to the public doors of the theatre, and hung about there, with a vague idea that the man might be lingering also. There was a large tavern just opposite the Queen's, where the audience were wont to refresh themselves—even the stalls and boxes—with brandy-and-soda. The Herr crossed the road by and by, went into the crowded bar, still looking for his man, and looking vainly.

While he was staring about him a friendly hand tapped him on the shoulder.

"It was well over eighty, my boy," said the voice of De la Zouche, upon whose youthful cheek still lingered some trace of the vermilion it had worn in the Miller and his Men, and whose upper lip was still stiff with the glue that had secured his horsehair moustache. "Nearer ninety, Tiddikins tells me, and he knows how to reckon up a house with any man in the profession. I wish you joy."

"Thank you, old fellow," replied the lion-tamer, vaguely. "Yes, I think it's a good house."

"Think! There's no room for thinking. The perspiration was running down their faces in the pit all through the Miller. The house was like a furnace; and uncommonly thirsty that kind of thing makes a man. The pongelow you sent in was very acceptable. I thought Fitz Raymond would never have taken his head out of the pewter. He's awful coally on his Grindoff—goes in perisher, even when he can't hear himself speak for the noise in front. But I say, Prust, how about the little supper you talked of?" This in an insinuating tone.

Prusinowski stared at him blankly for a moment, and then said carelessly,

"The supper—oh, to be sure. I'd forgotten all about it." The noble countenance of De la Zouche fell, and his open brow was overshadowed by a sudden gloom. "But it's all right," continued the *bénéficiaire*. "It's ordered for twelve o'clock sharp. I ordered it on spec. I thought I should have a good house."

"Prusinowski, you are a gentleman!" exclaimed the actor. "You are one of Nature's nobility, sir, and daily contact with the brute creation has not degraded your lofty mind. At twelve sharp! I'll go home and put on a clean collar. I think you mentioned a goose?"

"Roast beef at the top, roast goose at the bottom," said the Herr, absently.

"It is a bird which, on the supper-table, I appreciate above any of the feathered tribe," replied the walking gentleman. "*Au reservoir.*"

He departed, wondering at the silence and gravity of a man who could draw an eighty-pound house.

Herr Prusinowski left the tavern and strolled listlessly along the street. It was not quite eleven. He had a clear hour before him, in which he could *do* what he pleased with himself. Under ordinary circumstances he might have gone home, to have a few words with his "little woman," and make some amendment in his toilet; but to-night he hardly cared to face his wife. She would see that something was wrong, and question him. The impression that man's appearance had made upon him was a subject he did not want to talk about, not even with her. He turned out of the busy thoroughfare in which the Queen's Theatre was situated presently into a broad, quiet, old-fashioned-looking street leading down to the quay—a street of broad square red-brick houses of the Georgian era, grim and respectable, with a shop only here and there, and then a superior class of shop. It was a very quiet street at this time of night. The summer moon was shining full upon the broad pavement and empty road, and there was just a glimpse of moonlit water at the end of the street where it opened on the quay.

There was only one shop open at this hour, a tobacconist's at a corner. Prusinowski felt in his coat-pocket with a dim recollection of having allowed Mr. Fitz Raymond to empty his tobacco-pouch that evening, and then strolled across the road toward the tobacconist's shop. While he was in the act of crossing, a man came out of the shop and walked slowly away toward the quay. The lion-tamer recognized him at a glance and darted after him. It was the occupant of the stalls, a tall angular figure in the moonlight, with more or less the air of a gentleman.

It was an unjustifiable thing to do, of course; but Rudolph Prusinowski did not stop to consider the etiquette of the situation. He was resolved to accost this man. He would have done the same wherever he had met him.

"I beg your pardon," he said, at the stranger's shoulder, "I believe you were in front to-night, in the stalls of the Queen's?"

The man turned and faced him. It was not a prepossessing countenance by any means, that long cadaverous visage, with the pale prominent eyes, and lank, sandy hair. The moonlight made it look more than usually cadaverous.

"Yes," he said, "I have been at the Queen's Theatre this evening. Dear me! you are the lion-tamer, I believe. This is really curious!"

He spoke in a formal deliberate way that was strangely irritating to Herr Prusinowski's nerves. These artists—even professors of the lowest arts—are apt to be sensitive.

"You have some kind of business with me, Herr Prusinowski?" the stranger said interrogatively; the lion-tamer standing for the moment staring at him like a newly-awakened sleep-walker, utterly lost and helpless.

"I—I wanted to ask you a question," he said, abruptly, rousing himself with an effort. "This isn't the first time I've seen you. You took a private box at Manchester five years ago for my benefit."

"I did," replied the stranger. "I congratulate you on the possession of an excellent memory, Mr. Prusinowski. You had a narrow escape that night at Manchester, I imagine. One of your animals turned restive."

"Yes," said the lion-tamer, moodily, "that brute Robinson cut up rough. I lost my nerve, and he saw it. It *was* a narrow escape—a disappointment for you, wasn't it?"

"Excuse me, I hardly catch your meaning."

"You thought it was all over with me, didn't you? Come now, I want to know your motive for coming to see me that time—I want to know your motive for coming to see to-night."

"Motive?" repeated the stranger. "I should suppose the motive must be sufficiently obvious. People generally attend that sort of entertainment, and every sort of entertainment, in search of amusement."

"Other people perhaps—not you. I know what a man's face means, and I watched yours, as close—well, almost as close as you watched me. It wasn't the face of a man that came to be amused."

"You seem to have a peculiar way of looking at things, Mr. Prusinowski," replied the stranger, rubbing his bony close-shaven chin thoughtfully. "However, to be candid with you, I am somewhat interested in lion-taming. I am an idle man, you see. My means enable me to live pretty much as I please and where I please, and a man without occupation is in a manner compelled to create an interest for himself in things outside his own life. I am an amateur of wild-beast shows. There was a man called Green—you may have heard of him, perhaps. I saw that man Green perform seventeen consecutive times. I was peculiarly interested in him."

"Yes," said Prusinowski, "I know all about Green. He was killed—killed by a tiger that he'd made a good deal of money out of."

"He was," answered the stranger; "I saw it."

Herr Prusinowski shuddered.

"I thought so," he said; "I thought as much. You've tasted blood."

"Upon my honor that is a very unpleasant way of putting it," replied the stranger. "I look at these things entirely from an artistic point of view. I have heard it asserted that men of your profession always do meet with some fatal accident, sooner or later. Since you push me so closely, I am bound to admit that has formed one element of interest for me in this kind of performance. I can understand the delight of the Roman people, from the emperor down to the humblest freedman, in their gladiatorial shows. I have a somewhat classical turn of mind, perhaps, and am proud to acknowledge a taste which connects me with a classic age."

"I don't understand half that palaver," said Herr Prusinowski rudely. "but I trust in God I may never see your face again."

"Really, now! but why?"

"Because you are a cold-blooded scoundrel, and you would like to see me killed."

"My dear Mr. Prusinowski, that is a style of language which, if I were an ill-tempered man, I might resent. Happily I am not an ill-tempered man, so let it pass. You have no right to remark that I should like to see you killed by one of those brutes of yours. But if you *are* destined to meet your death in that manner, which it is to be hoped you are not, I freely admit that I should wish to be a spectator of the catastrophe. It would not make the smallest difference to you, and it would be highly interesting to me. Is this your way? No? In that case, good-night."

He lifted his hat ceremoniously, and departed toward the patch of moonlit water at the end of the street, leaving the lion-tamer standing on the pavement transfixed and brooding.

It was just as he imagined—the man was an amateur of sudden death.

The supper at the Lion and Lamb public house—a snug little hostelry five doors from the theatre, and much affected by the actors—was a gastronomical success, but not a social one. The fare was excellent. The giver of the feast ordered liquors on a liberal scale, and eatables and drinkables disappeared with a celerity cheering to witness. Yet the banquet was not a cheerful one. Nothing could rouse Prusinowski from the gloom that had fallen upon him. The actors did their utmost to beguile him into gayety, with boisterous talk and laughter, racy anecdotes, and an unlimited amount of that humorous converse commonly known as "chaff," to which the theatrical mind is especially prone; but all their efforts failed. Once or twice he did make some faint show of rallying—gave a smart answer or two, threw a lobster claw at the tragic and dignified Fitz Raymond, when that great artist was engaged in argument, and pushed a stick of celery down the coat-collar of the absent-minded De la Zouche. But these were the feeblest spurts of gayety, and by degrees the talk fell flat, and the revels, which under happier auspices would have lasted far into the Summer dawning, broke up abruptly at a quarter past two.

Mr. Warbeck, the prompter, walked home with Tiddikins and De la Zouche, and told them what had happened after the fall of the curtain.

"Prusinowski's as good a fellow as ever breathed," he said in conclusion, being thoroughly warmed through with gin-and-water. "If he was my own brother I couldn't like him better than I do. But I'm afraid there's something queer hereabouts."

He tapped his forehead significantly.

"A loose slate," said Mr. Tiddikins.

"A bee in his bonnet," said Mr. De la Zouche.

CHAPTER III.

THE THIRD TIME.

It was three years later in the life of the lion-tamer, and he was performing for three nights only at a sea-coast town in the north of England, a dreary little place enough, whither he had strayed from the rich manufacturing districts where his harvests were wont to be plenteous—a dismal little town, beside which the sea seemed to howl more dolefully than by other shores; a stony High street, a damp, windy fish-market, a beach of great, loose pebbles, and a long wooden jetty stretching out to sea, and slippery always with slime and weed, dead fish, and other refuse of the great ocean.

Three years—and yet on his benefit night at Spindlecum Herr Prusinowski had talked about retiring on his laurels in a year. He had not been doing badly either; prosperity had followed all his wanderings; but the human mind is elastic in its estimate of money, and Herr Prusinkowski's notions of the fortune he ought to retire upon had widened with the passage of time.

"Another six months, little woman," he said, "and I'll sell the beasts by auction, and take a public house," which was his notion of peace and retirement.

"I wish it was to be to-morrow, William," the little woman answered sadly. "I shall never know a happy moment till you're done with those animals."

The first two nights at Lowshore, this obscure northern seaport, had been tolerably successful. The theatre was the mouldiest old barn, perhaps, that had ever been dedicated to public entertainment, and was opened about once in two years for a week or so of transient splendour, when some wandering star of the dramatic firmament, more wildly speculative than his brethren, essayed his fortunes at Lowshore, and informed the nobility and gentry of the district that he was about to appear for six nights only in a round of favorite characters. Rarely as the doors of the temple were open, the denizens of Lowshore were not wont to rush with remarkable unanimity to the shrine. It would have seemed, indeed, as if the drama were a dead letter in the seaport, the audience which came to be subdued by pity and terror being generally restricted to some two or three dozen seafaring men, smelling strongly of fish, a sprinkling of boys, and a dash of brightness and color in the shape of young women in service, or fishermen's wives and daughters.

But what the drama, whether legitimate or illegitimate, failed to do, the lions succeeded in doing. They drew very fair houses—not the nobility and gentry, as represented by one elderly peer, whose estates bordered Lowshore, but who was rarely known to inhabit his great stone castle, preferring a little box at Richmond, stuffed with rare old silver and costly curios; and the vicar; but the shopkeepers and their young men and maidens; the few visitors and the lodging-house proprietors; all the seafaring men and their families; the maids-of-all-work and fisher-boys; the policemen off duty, and a sprinkling of farmers from inland farms. It was late in October, the very dreariest time of the year, and Herr Prusinowski had come to Lowshore in a speculative humor, just to fill up a blank week in his winter programme.

The house was nearly full the first night, a trifle less well attended the second, and on the third a considerable falling-off was apparent. Still it was a very fair house for Lowshore. There was a cheerful sprinkling in the pit, a very good gallery. The boxes alone had a cavernous and dismal aspect. The box audience—the upper middle-class of Lowshore, tradespeople and lodging-letters—had exhausted itself. Herr Prusinowski had brought a dramatic company of three with him to support the lions, and to eke out the evening's entertainment with a couple of farces or comediettas. This company consisted of a light comedian, a low comedian, and a comedy lady. The light comedian was the aspiring De la Zouche, who had blossomed from a walking gentleman into the popular provincial Charles Matthews—white hat, patent-leather boots, light-green trousers, cane, and rapid utterance. The performances began with Delicate Grounds, and were to conclude with the Secret, a farce of an ancient and respectable character.

The lion-tamer, who was a spoilt child of fortune, had a supreme contempt for bad houses, and with a flagrant injustice was wont to wreak upon the innocent few who did come to see him that wrath inspired by the guilty many who stopped away. That is to say, he punished the scanty but admiring audience by scamping his performance, and depriving them of their just due. The dramatic company were accustomed to empty benches and a barren dress-circle.

The weather was against Herr Prusinowski on this particular evening. The north winds came howling across the German ocean as if they were intent upon sweeping Lowshore from the face of the earth, driving a salt-flavored sleet before them, which well-nigh blinded the adventurous pedestrian. The Herr expressed himself very forcibly about the weather, as he took leave of his family before setting out for the theatre. The comedietta was just over as he went in at the stage-door, and he had to dress in a hurry, struggling into his close-fitting raiment, and girding himself with scarlet and gold, while a feeble little orchestra of four—clarionet, flute, and two fiddles—played some old-fashioned country-dance tunes, what time the audience regaled themselves with prawns and porter. The three lions looked tremendously big on the small stage, awfully real against the background of faded scenery. Robinson was out of sorts. He was sensitive upon the subject of weather, and had an especial aversion to high winds; perhaps some hereditary yearning for Libyan sands or Asia's burning sky—personally he could know nothing about either, having been born in Whitechapel—may have affected him at such times; at any rate the fact remained, cold or blusterous weather disturbed his leonine mind.

The feeble little orchestra made a great struggle to produce a soul-inspiring chord, and came out superbly, the second violin a trifle in the rear. Herr Prusinowski bounded on to the stage from a rocky set-piece, and began his work rather languidly, handling Robinson with a certain amount of caution.

He had got through half his performance, and was leading the three lions round the stage on their hind feet, to the stirring music of the march in "Blue Beard"—stirring even from those poor feeble players—when he heard the opening and shutting of a door at the back of the boxes. He looked up quickly. A gentleman in evening dress was seating himself deliberately in the centre place, a pale-complexioned man, with straight reddish hair. The lion-tamer's heart turned cold. It was the man he had seen at Manchester and Spindlecum, the man whose presence, by some morbid fancy, he associated with the idea of peril to himself. During the last three years he had been always more or less on the look-out for this man, and had never seen him—had begun to congratulate himself upon the probability that he would finish his public career without ever performing before him again; and here he was, in this remote seaport town, watching him with the same eager eyes and hungry face, watching as men watched the gladiators in old time, greedy for their blood.

If he could have brought the entertainment to an abrupt conclusion that instant, he would have done so. He would have willingly returned the people their money, and sacrificed the night's profits to escape performing before that man. He was half inclined to plead sudden illness, bring down the curtain with an apology, but to do that would be to confess himself afraid of that man.

"D—n him!" he muttered to himself, "he shan't see that I'm afraid of him. Faster!" he called out to the orchestra, "faster and louder!" and as the music quickened he urged the animals with his whip.

Robinson, alias Moloch, resented the impertinence with a suppressed roar, and from that moment Rudolph Prusinowski lost his presence of mind and lost his temper. He was determined to bate not one of his tricks, to demonstrate to that cold-blooded wretch in the boxes that he was not afraid of him. He made the animals do more work than usual, looking defiantly at that watchful face in the boxes all the while. The little theatre shook with applause, the pit rose to him, as the good old actors were wont to say; the gallery rang with bravos.

All in a moment, at the last, in the crowning feat which was to conclude the performance, the bravos changed to an awful shout of horror. No one could say how it happened, the brute's movements were too rapid for human eyes to follow. Herr Prusinowski was lying on the stage mauled and torn, the lion crouching upon him.

The keeper and a couple of brawny scene-shifters rushed upon the stage; they dragged him from under the infuriated beast insensible and covered with blood, and carried him off to the dressing-room, where the two rival surgeons of Lowshore came rushing in to him five minutes afterward. Surgery could do nothing; his ribs were crushed to powder, and there was a perforation of the lung and hæmorrhage. He breathed stentorously for about half an hour, and then died, without one ray of returning consciousness.

"Strange," the red-haired gentleman used to say afterward, when he told the story as a pleasant kind of thing after dinner, and in some manner reflecting distinction upon himself; "the poor devil was the second of his trade I saw killed, and I had come across him three times at long intervals in the course of my travels in the North. I take a considerable interest in that sort of thing; there's more excitement about it than there is in the drama. Prusinowski was a very respectable fellow; had saved money, I believe; and left his wife and children comfortably provided for."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ Tom Thumb has joined a yacht club.

☞ Christine Nilsson owns property in seven American towns.

☞ In Wisconsin a justice has recently granted himself a divorce.

☞ The city editor of an Illinois paper offered to send his girl the paper regularly, but she replied, with sweet innocence, that her "ma didn't allow her to wear bustles." The poor girl never supposed anybody could want to read the sheet.

☞ When you have a bone on your plate, and are obliged to take it up in your fingers, don't neglect to mention that "fingers were made before knives and forks." The novelty of the remark will immediately strike the company very happily.

☞ The Jacksonville Journal states that a blooming, blushing girl called at that office, the other day, and inquired for "papers for a week back." The idea suggested was that she wanted them for a pannier.

☞ A young man who was caught straining his sweetheart to his bosom the other night, justifies himself on the ground that he has a right to strain his own honey.

☞ The Philadelphia North American having stated that "a big Indian of the Arrapahoe persuasion has embraced Christianity in Washington," the New Orleans Times remarks that "a mighty small Indian could embrace all the Christianity there is there now."

☞ "Why should we celebrate Washington's birthday more than mine?" asked a teacher. "Because he never told a lie!" shouted a little boy.

☞ A clairvoyant trio, two women and a man, have been travelling in the South, pretending to cure epizooty by the "laying on of hands." They practiced on a Kentucky mule, the other day, and the firm has since dissolved.

☞ A rural paper in Kentucky, in an obituary notice of Forrest, says:—"She was never equalled in her time by any Terpsichorean artiste, though Bonfanti and Betty Rigg were formidable rivals in her later years." This is the same editor who wrote from Washington to his paper that "Pocahontas was a noble-looking man."

☞ Ladies are beginning to carry, slung at the waist belt, small daggers in costly gilt and jewelled sheaths.—*N. Y. Mail.*

☞ As another instance of how the female sex is getting mixed up with medical education abroad, it may be mentioned that the French medical school of Strasbourg has been moved to Nancy.—*World.*

☞ Trains on some of the Missouri railroads run so slow that a woman with her back elevated to the proper altitude can overtake one on foot, if it contains her husband and another woman.

☞ A prying reporter tells us that the bride at a recent wedding, in Killingly, Connecticut, wore the beautiful pink stockings which her mother wore at her own wedding, thirty-five years before.

☞ A new dish is grape leaves fried in egg batter; it is called a French dish. An exchange remarks:—"We can't think of anything that would be more delicious than fried grape leaves, unless it is a circus poster on toast."

☞ A man slipped and tumbled on the icy pavement the other day, and regaining his feet, which had slid away from him for the moment, limped away, wondering "why'n (hic) thun'er folks don't sprin'l shidewalkswith oner ashes."

☞ A wag inspecting a farmer's last instalment of pork at the Detroit market recently, picked up a ten-pound stone and deposited it in one of the porkers, and then loudly berated the farmer for trying to cheat in weight. The farmer looked at the stone, at the crowd, felt the thrust, and growled to himself: "Hang it, but I thought I put it in the small hog!"

☞ One of the most touching instances of devotion to the memory of the departed is told in a Portland paper. Fourteen years ago an old woman fell dead of the heart disease while winding the family clock at the hour of ten in the morning. On each succeeding anniversary of the melancholy occurrence, that old clock stops at ten o'clock. It is evidently brooding in silence over the remembrance of its old mistress. Such devotion is rarely seen.

☞ The experimentalist who served his generation by discovering that a stone attached to the tail of a donkey will prevent its bray, now claims to have ascertained that unruly cattle cannot jump fences when their ears are tied together at the tips.

☞ An English Court paper has the following curious advertisement:—"A piece of Queen Victoria's wedding cake, cut off and tied up by the late painter in ordinary, and written on by him, to be exchanged for a dining-room table-cloth, or low tea-table, gilt legs, or good exchange desired."

☞ A recent Chicago wedding was solemnized with a dozen bridesmaids, as many groomsmen, six ushers and four officiating clergymen, and there were some in the city who felt slighted at that.

☞ Miss Sarah Peter has a place to hang one ear-ring only since she rammed her head out of a car window on a Pennsylvania railroad the other day, to hear what was going on outside. A bridge came along and amputated her ear very successfully without using chloroform.

☞ The New York Mail objects to having its eyes poked out by elderly gentlemen wearing glasses on the nose and an umbrella sticking under the arm. They want this umbrella business stopped by law.

Pimples, Eruptions, Rough Skin.

The system being put under the influence of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for a few weeks, the skin becomes smooth, clear, soft and velvety, and being illuminated with the glow of perfect health from within, true beauty stands forth in all its glory. Nothing ever presented to the public as a beautifier of the complexion ever gave such satisfaction for this purpose as this discovery. The effects of all medicines which operate upon the system through the medium of the blood are necessarily somewhat slow, no matter how good the remedy employed. While one to three bottles clear the skin of pimples, blotches, eruptions, yellow spots, comedones or "grubs," a dozen may possibly be required to cure some cases where the system is rotten with scrofulous or virulent blood poisons. The cure of all these diseases, however, from the common pimple to the worst scrofula is, with the use of this most potent agent, only a matter of time. Sold by all druggists. eow

Mrs. Jane M. [illegible], of Brooklyn, Conn., has had a Grover & Baker Machine constantly in use in dress-making since 1864, and never lost an hour in arranging or repairing any part of it, although several persons operated it. She says it never failed to do well any piece of work that was put into it.

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL

CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS,

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS,

KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER

COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA,

AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT;

PURIFIES THE BLOOD,

RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR;

CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

SECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S

PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St.,
nov9-tf New York.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, *free of charge.* This noble remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D., New York City. oct12-1y

PROSPECTUS FOR 1873.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

BEAUTIFUL NEW PREMIUM CHROMO.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" call the attention of the ladies to their Magazine, as being just what a Lady's Magazine should be. Edited by a Lady, nothing but what is of the most refined and elevating character ever is admitted to its pages. Its Engravings, its Fashions, its Stories all bear evidence of the same refined and cultivated taste, which has endeared it to thousands of readers.

It will continue to publish Serials, Short Stories, Poetry, &c., from its old list of talented contributors. Among the Serials we may announce:—

THE MASTER OF GREYLANDS.
By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Lady Adelaide's Trial," etc.

UNA AND HER PRINCE.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "Una and Her Lions," etc.

A GIRL'S ROMANCE.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Queen Coquetta," etc.

A NOVELET.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "An Everyday Heroine," etc.

A NOVELET.
By Miss FANNIE HODGSON, author of "Kathleen's Love Story," "Esmeralda," etc. [Miss Hodgson's Novelet will run through the whole year.]

FASHIONS, FANCY WORK, ETC.

Fine Engravings of the Fashions will represent the latest styles in Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Hats, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character, embracing pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections. These choice and elegant Engravings are a special feature of this Magazine, and should entitle it to the preference over all others.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most popular Music occurs in every number. The Music is of itself worth double the price of the Magazine.

SPLENDID PREMIUMS

Sewing Machines, Plated Ware, Gold Chains, &c.

Those desiring to get up lists of subscribers to the Lady's Friend, will be sent a [illegible]. The list of Premiums is the same as for the Post.

"LITTLE SAMUEL."

A beautiful Scriptural Chromo of the Child-Prophet Samuel, starting up from his sleep at the call of the Lord, [illegible] all the rich and glowing colors of a fine oil painting—will be sent to the getter-up of every club, and, under special rates, to every subscriber. This Chromo is copyrighted, and the regular retail price is Five Dollars. It cannot be obtained for less than that price, except in connection with "The Lady's Friend" or "The Saturday Evening Post." It is twelve by fifteen inches in size.

TERMS—With the Chromo—Always in Advance.

One copy of The Lady's Friend, and one copy of that magnificent "Little Samuel," $2.50
One copy of The Lady's Friend, one of "The Saturday Evening Post," and one Chromo of "Little Samuel," 5.00
Four copies of the Lady's Friend (and their Chromos, and one Chromo gratis), 8.00
Eight copies of The Lady's Friend, and eight Chromos, (and one copy of the Magazine and Chromo gratis, for the getter-up of the club), 16.00
Additional subscribers may be added to the above clubs at 2.00
[illegible] clubs can be made up of THE LADY'S FRIEND and "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST" conjointly, if 50 cents is added for each number of THE POST taken.

TERMS—Without the Chromo—Always in Advance.

Without the Chromo, we will send the Magazine at the old rates. One copy for $2.00. [illegible]

[illegible] THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be [illegible]

[illegible]

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND, 20 cents.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN. 4, 1873.

TERMS---Always in Advance.

"LITTLE SAMUEL."

A beautiful Scriptural Chromo of the Child-Prophet Samuel, starting up from his sleep at the call of the Lord, will be sent as a Premium to every single ($3.00) subscriber, who sends on ten cents to pay the expense of mailing, &c. It will also be sent to the getter-up of every Club.

RATES:

Single copy, $3.00 a year, payable in advance, not including postage, which is twenty cents a year, and payable at the office where the paper is received. Every single ($3.00) subscriber will be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, "LITTLE SAMUEL," or to either of our large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings—"The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon." [Ten cents must always be remitted to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo or Engraving.]

One copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ($3.00) and One of THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) for $4.50. Or, if the Premium Chromo or an Engraving is desired in addition, $5.10.

One copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST (with the CHROMO, or one of our STEEL ENGRAVINGS,) and a copy of "PEMBERTON; OR, ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO" (postage paid), for $4.50.

One copy of PEMBERTON (postage paid) $1.75.

TO THOSE WHO DESIRE TO GET UP CLUBS.

If you wish to get up a club for THE POST, send us your name, and we will forward you, *free of charge*, a number of specimen copies of the paper, so that, with them, you can give your neighborhood a good canvassing.

TERMS OF CLUBS. For $8.00 we will send four copies of THE POST for one year to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending the Club shall be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, or to either of our beautiful Premium Steel Engravings, "The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

For $16 we will send eight copies to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending this Club shall be entitled to a copy *free*, and to a copy also of the Premium Chromo, or to either of our Premium engravings.

The senders of Clubs can afterwards add single copies at $2.00 each.

Any club-subscriber wishing the Chromo or an Engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

The above Clubs may be composed partly of THE POST and partly of THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired. The subscriptions to The Lady's Friend can be taken at $1.50 apiece, instead of $2.00. Thus four copies of THE POST, and four of THE LADY'S FRIEND will be sent for $14, and in the same proportion all through.

Special offers to those who wish to make up premium lists, will be found under that head.

CLUBS OR LISTS WITH CHROMO. Those desirous of getting up clubs with the Chromo, or Premium Lists, should remit one dollar, for which we will send them a copy of the Chromo. When the Club or List is forwarded, in case the Chromo has been injured in canvassing for subscribers, another will be sent to replace it.

☞ No deviation allowed from our regular terms. If less money is sent, the paper will be sent for a proportionate period.

WE WILL SEND YOU ANY NEWSPAPER OR MAGAZINE YOU WISH, IN CONNECTION WITH THE POST, AT A REDUCED PRICE—as follows: Any Paper or Magazine the regular price of which is $1.00 at 67 cts.; regular price $2.00 at $1.75; regular price $2.50 at $2.25; regular price $3.00 at $2.62; regular price $4.00 at $3.50; regular price $5.00 at $4.50.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ When additions are made to clubs, the new subscriptions must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order*.

☞ Ten cents should be forwarded, *in all cases*, where subscribers are entitled to and wish the Chromo or an engraving, to pay the expense of mailing.

BE CAREFUL IN OPENING THE WRAPPERS OF THE CHROMO OR ENGRAVINGS. Our subscribers are cautioned to be very careful in opening the wrappers of the Chromo or Engravings when they are received lest they should injure them.

Address H. PETERSON & Co.,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

SPLENDID LIST OF PREMIUMS!

[We offer the following splendid list of Premiums, because we wish to increase our subscription list—and therefore mean to pay well those who will aid us in so doing. We prefer this mode to the usual expensive system of advertising.]

Mark! Every Subscriber in a Premium List is entitled to one of our handsome Steel Plate Engravings—"The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," or to the Beautiful Chromo of

"LITTLE SAMUEL;"

representing the Child-Prophet as he is aroused from slumber by the voice of the Lord, (I. Samuel; Chapter 3.) This Chromo would be sold in the stores for $5. It is twelve by fifteen inches in size. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST," and "THE LADY'S FRIEND." The subscribers to THE LADY'S FRIEND may be taken at $2.50 instead of $3.00.

For 50 subscribers, at $3 each,	a Silver-plated Tea Set, including Coffee Pot, worth	$50.00
For 40 " "	a Lady's solid gold, long Opera Chain—with tassels and handsomely enamelled slides with Pearl settings, worth	40.00
For 40 " "	a Lady's Fine Gold Watch, 18 karat, full jeweled, detached lever, worth	50.00
	or a Grover & Baker's Sewing Machine, worth	55.00
	or a 4-octave Melodeon, worth	60.00
For 30 " "	a Full Jewelled, Detached Lever, Coin Silver Watch, worth	30.00
For 30 " "	a Novelty Printing Press, worth	30.00
For 20 " "	a Full Jewelled, Detached Lever, Coin Silver watch, worth	20.00
For 14 " "	a Doty's Washing Machine, worth	14.00
For 12 " "	a Silver-plated Cake Basket, worth	12.00
	or a Silver-plated Ice Pitcher, worth	12.00
	or a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, worth	12.00
For 10 " "	a Silver-plated Castor, worth	10.00
For 9 " "	a set of Parlor Billiards, worth	8.00
	or a Set of Croquet, maple, worth	10.00
	or a Set of "Le Cercle," (the new field game,) polished maple, worth	10.00
	or a Universal Clothes Wringer, worth	8.00
For 5 " "	a Three-quart Ice Cream Freezer, (Packer,) worth	4.00
For 4 " "	a Set of Six Croquet Balls, Tilton's Shoulie, worth	4.00
For 4 " "	a set of Parlor Quoits, worth	5.00
For 2 " "	One copy of "Pemberton; or, One Hundred Years Ago," by H. Peterson; bound in cloth, worth	1.75

GOLD PENS AND HOLDERS.

For 5 subscribers at $3 each,	No. 4 Pen, Solid Silver Extension Case, worth	4.00
For 6 " "	Business, or No. 7 Pen, Telescopic Holder, (can be carried safely in vest pocket,) worth	4.50

The above Gold Pens are made by E. S. Johnson & Co., New York, and are of unequaled finish, elasticity and durability. They have been sold by first-class dealers for the past twenty years.

PEN AND POCKET KNIVES.

For 3 subscribers at $3 each,	One "Senator" Pocket Knife, 4 blades, Shell Handle, worth	2.50
	or Two Pruning Knives, 1 blade, Cocoa Handle, worth, each	1.25
For 5 " "	One "Senator" Pocket Knife, 5 blades, Pearl Handle, Octagon, worth	4.00

PATENT HARD RUBBER HANDLE TABLE KNIVES.

For 5 subscribers, at $3 each,	Half-a-dozen Table Knives, Solid Oval Handle, Concave Bolster, Ivory tip, worth	4.00
For 4 " "	Half-a-dozen Dessert Knives, Solid Oval Handle, Ivory tip, worth	3.75
For 5 " "	One Pair Beef and Game Carvers, Ivory tip, worth	3.75

HEAVY SILVER PLATED KNIVES.

For 12 subscribers, at $3 each,	Half-a-dozen Silver Plated Table Knives, Heavy Oval Ivory Handles, worth	10.00
For 10 " "	Half-a-dozen Silver Plated Dessert Knives, Heavy Oval Ivory Handles, worth	8.00
For 8 " "	One Pair Carvers, Heavy Oval Superfine Ivory Handle, worth	7.00

HEAVILY SILVER PLATED SPOONS AND FORKS.

For 3 subscribers, at $3 each,	One Set Tea Spoons, Extra Plate, worth	2.25
For 5 " "	" " " " Triple " "	4.00
For 6 " "	" " Dessert " Extra " "	4.25
For 8 " "	" " " " Triple " "	6.50
For 7 " "	" " Table " Extra " "	5.50
For 10 " "	" " " " Triple " "	8.25
For 8 " "	" " " Forks, Extra " "	6.50
For 10 " "	" " " " Triple " "	8.25
For 4 " "	A pair of Solid Oval Ivory Handle Butter Knives, Silver Plated, worth	3.00
For 6 " "	One Child's Set, consisting of Pearl Handle Silver Plated Knife and Fork and Spoon in a fine Morocco Case, worth	5.50

☞ The above named goods are made at the celebrated manufactory of the Meriden Cutlery Co., Meriden, Conn., and by Reed & Barton, New York City, and are warranted A No. 1 in every particular. Premiums will be forwarded as rapidly as possible in their order. A set of Spoons, Forks, &c., is always half-a-dozen pieces.

OR ANYTHING ELSE!

Any person wishing articles not on the above list, will please let us know what they prefer, and we will arrange to furnish them. ☞ *On lists of four or over, a commission of twenty per cent., (one-fifth the amount,) may be retained, if the money is preferred to the Premium.* ☜

REMARKS.

Everything offered in our list of Premiums is guaranteed to be an excellent article. The valuation is simply the usual retail price of the article in Philadelphia and New York. By means of purchasing at the best sources, and at wholesale prices, and giving advertising in return, we are enabled to offer these splendid inducements. Our only object is to increase our circulation—giving those who help us to do this the benefit of the Premiums.

☞ The lists may be made up for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST exclusively at $3.00, or for THE LADY'S FRIEND exclusively at $2.50, or partly for one and partly the other, as is desired. Both old and new subscribers may be counted in the lists of four or over. In lists of two or three, all must be *new* subscribers. Either of our Steel Engravings may be substituted for the Chromo.

The Canvasser for a list for Premiums would do well to take with him a copy of THE POST, a copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND, and one of our beautiful Premium Chromos. They will be sent to those desirous of making up lists (and to those only) for $1.00. When the List is forwarded, in case the Chromo has been injured in canvassing for subscribers, another Chromo will be sent in its place, or the dollar may be deducted from the amount due us.

The articles will be sent by express, or as ordered. Nothing will be charged for packing or boxing. The freight, however, must be paid by the receiver of the Premium.

Subscriptions (with the money) should be remitted as fast as obtained, that the subscribers may receive their papers, magazines, and Chromos at once.

EVERY NAME DESIGNED FOR A PREMIUM LIST MUST BE SO MARKED WHEN SENT IN.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

Address H. PETERSON & CO.,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

NOTE.—The price for which we offer THE POST and our beautiful CHROMO (or a Steel Engraving) to our yearly subscribers is just the same that all the first-class Literary Weeklies charge FOR THEIR PAPERS ALONE.

In other words, those who subscribe to The Post will get not only (to speak modestly) as good a paper, but either of our beautiful Premium Pictures besides.

Those that canvass for new subscribers should not forget this fact.

ANOTHER NEW SERIAL.

In this week's paper we begin a finely written novelette, entitled,

RAVENSWOOD;

OR,

THE RAFTSMEN OF THE DELAWARE.

BY BURR THORNBURY,

Author of "Skale the Scout," "The Tory Brothers," "Agnes Ayre," Etc., Etc.

The scenes are laid in the midst of the wild and romantic country of the upper Delaware, with which section the author is himself intimately acquainted. It is with great satisfaction we offer our readers this spirited story.

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

A WOMAN WHO WANTS A HEAD PUT ON HER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR POST—You know that for years it has been my blessed privilege to pour my troubles into your sympathizing ear. It has been an unspeakable consolation to me to do so. You have always been my good friend, even if you did not altogether agree with me. Therefore you will kindly bear with me when I pour out the lacerated feelings of a bursting heart, and tell you that a lady has been giving me fits in a certain Sunday newspaper. She makes the scare-y accusation—at least she fears that she will have occasion by and by to make the scare-y accusation, that I am getting into a bad way of "scoffing too unreservedly at matters which the majority of people regard as needful restrictions or sacred obligations."

Now, I haven't much reverence, that's a fact; and judging from the conduct of people who are troubled that way, I don't think I want it. As to the scoffing at things which the majority of folks regard as "sacred obligations and needful restrictions," just this is to be said: There is nothing in this world so high and strong that it ought not to be overthrown and destroyed, if it is wrong and false. Is not that true doctrine? Whatever is old and true will stand forever and ever, whatever is old and false and wrong will inevitably tumble to the ground, in the course of time, though the whole world hang to it and prop it up, though the "majority of people" regard it as the one "sacred and needful" structure in creation; yes, though they believe in their heart of hearts that the very equilibrium of the universe depends upon its perpetuation. It is not impossible that "the majority of people" should be all wrong in a bunch. One gets a little rusty in history, to be sure, when one hasn't been a schoolmistress for several years; but wasn't it the majority of people who wickedly put to death brave, sweet, wise old Socrates because they suspected he cherished secret doubts as to their ridiculous and preposterous mess of idiotic old heathen gods? Didn't the majority of people mob, stone, roast, flay, boil in oil, quarter, bury alive and otherwise pay very disagreeable attentions to all the early believers in the Christian religion that they could lay their hands on? Nay, with all the reverence due the memory of the greatest, tenderest, holiest being that ever lived on earth, was it not the majority of people who crucified the Saviour of the world? The majority of people actually used to think it impious and profane to believe there were spots on the sun. The majority of people used to hang helpless and unfortunate persons as witches, too—used to be absolutely certain that witches came in through key-holes and pinched folks black and blue, and as late as the year 1833 there was in existence an Irish law against witchcraft. In fact the majority of people have not seldom shown themselves to be a pack of donkeys altogether.

So a fig for the "majority of people" and their notions.

The lady who gives your unworthy correspondent such a sound blowing up, takes serious exceptions to what was said a few weeks ago concerning the head-of-the-family-business. The lady insists, in spite of the world, that every woman "as is a woman" does want to lean against some man and be happy. Let her lean!

I've noticed that in all happy and well-regulated families there was a mutual reliance and interdependence of husband and wife; but it never appeared to me, when it came to the leaning business, that the wife leaned against the husband a bit more than the husband leaned against the wife. The husband mostly earns the money, but the wife rears the babies, and if you'd strangle me for it, I can't see that one is a bit more important, or useful, or necessary than the other, or what claim these peculiar duties give either one to be the "head" of the other, or why one should have a head any more than the other, or why one should have a head and the other shouldn't. The one with the head on would have the big head frightfully, I should think. My blower-up says, with a very wise, solemn logic, that no government can maintain its position amongst the nations of the earth without a recognized ruler; and no church can preserve its "oneness and unity" (*sic*) without a pope, bishop, or other visible head.

It is a grievous mistake.

The happiest, peacefullest, most harmonious nation on the globe to-day, the nation freest from internal strife and civil squabbles, is grand little Switzerland, the model republic of the world, and Switzerland has no shadow of a one "head" or ruler," not even a President. An executive council elected from the people, from year to year, control her happy destinies. Blessed is that nation or that family which needs no governing. Furthermore, I know this: In view of the intense, evil excitement which is aroused in the length and breadth of our beloved land every four years at the Presidential elections, paralyzing business, embittering rival factions against one another, tempting citizens to trade away their honor and virtue, and convulsing our mother-country to its very foundation stones, in view of all this, the purest and most enlightened patriots in America to-day are seriously beginning to discuss the question whether it would not be better for us as a nation if the office of President were entirely abolished. Is there no church without a pope or bishop, or other sort of "head" to hold it together? I don't know as much about churches as I ought to, and I'm sorry for it; but at this moment I happen to remember that the organization of the powerful and prosperous Baptist Church is built upon a plan which is purely republican and self-governing, and that there is not a soul, pope, bishop, or anybody else, higher in authority than just the preachers and members. Doubtless there are other churches which increase and flourish on the same plan, but I only happen to think of the Baptist Church at this moment. The true republican idea is the pure and lofty idea of a confederation which governs itself; or better still, which needs no governing at all. There is too much governing in the world now. That's the trouble with it. It's governed nearly to death, and it is beginning to understand it. The highest, truest civilization points to a brighter time, when men will shake off wholly their old leaden incubus of masters and rulers.

Please God the world is outgrowing the old notion that a despot must sit at the head of every earthly organization to keep it from going to sticks.

All but the lady who is my critic. She stands by the "divine right of kings." She knows better than history, and, more, infinitely more than the patriots and philosophers. In the face of them all she dips her little pen into her proper and lady-like inkstand, and solemnly announces that no earthly thing can hang together without one recognized ruler. She is very, very wrong.

Nevertheless! if she personally and individually craves a "boss," in heaven's name let her have him, and let him be good and thundering and strong, and let him particularly make her walk chalk. Doubtless she needs him. Doubtless she'll feel better over him. So by all means let her have a head, even though he be a dunderhead.

I have often heard spinsters in their late youth, and young ladies about sixteen years old, talk of leaning against a man in the touching and poetic manner of my critic; but I have yet to see the first married woman who particularly wished herself under the control of a master. On the contrary, it has been my observation that married women rather particularly don't like such control, and seek to evade it in divers ways, either by fair means or foul. You know the funny story of that queer old Lorenzo Dow. Once, at the beginning of his sermon, he stood up in his pulpit for a moment, with a very grave, angry countenance. Then he raised a heavy hymn-book threateningly in his hand, and made a motion as if he was about to knock the very head off somebody, exclaiming in a thundering voice:

"There is a woman in this congregation who has disobeyed her husband. I am going to knock her down with this hymn-book!"

All the married women in the congregation "dodged."

And so it is going on to this day. All the married women "dodge."

My judge and accuser insists further: "There are women who loathe children, despise housekeeping, and are so strongly individualized that, to render respect or homage to any man as head of a family, would be martyrdom worse than death." Does that mean me? Because if it does, I answer, in the words of the immortal De Boots:

"I don't know what a homogenous particle is,—but I ain't it."

There's a reward of virtue for you! When I've always and always stuck to it that, for being happy in this world, there was nothing like being happily married. When I've always felt it in my bones as an inalienable truth that the highest, blessedest happiness on earth was being tied fast to a nice, dear, good husband or wife. I've always said it, so I have. And for that very reason my soul longs for the day when all women will be brave, intelligent and honest, and fearless enough to be true to themselves and their husbands. More of strength in a woman's nature and more of tenderness in a man's would improve both, and bring them nearer and more lovingly together. God knows men and women need each other badly enough, but I can't see how it is particularly desirable or beautiful that a woman should hang like a millstone around a man's neck. I can't see for my life and soul what's the good of a husband's being a domineering master, and a wife's clinging to him like a chunk of putty.

Maybe I'm wrong. But I always did despise a poodle-dog woman.

My ideal woman is like silk, at once fine and strong. Yet there are folks who never can get it through their skulls, that a woman may be all that is refined and lady-like, and gentle and sweet, and at the same time be brave, steadfast and strong. How I do love and adore a brave, bright, strong-souled woman. She is fully as adorable as a splendid man. And I think if God had meant women to be babies all their lives, He would have kept them baby-size, and never have let them learn to use their tongue. ZIG.

O, MOON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Oh, fair moon, fair moon, tell me, can you see
Where my sailor is, to-night, out upon the sea?

Oh, bright moon, bonny moon, send one ray to bear
A kiss to him, and a caress to linger in his hair.

And, round moon, red moon, sailing up the blue,
Tell him that I love him yet, and that my heart is true.

Oh, brave moon, bonny moon, tell him that I wait
And watch for him at twilight time, beside my mother's gate.

Oh, wan moon, white moon, why have you grown so pale?
Was my sailor sweetheart drowned in some fierce, angry gale?

Oh, sad moon, solemn moon, you hide your face away
Because you saw my sailor die, and pity me to-day.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY OLIVE KING.

DEAR POST—Aren't you glad you are away past your "salad days?"

I am glad *I* am, for I know I was as "green in judgment" then as any one, and possibly haven't improved much since. But for all that it seems to me that callow youths and maidens are a dreadfully weak, milk-and-water diet for a good, strong, healthy organization. I can look back forty or fifty years—more or less—and remember a smooth-faced boy (I adore moustaches) in whom I was then painfully interested. *Painfully* is the right word. I thought he was the fairest of all the great Creator's works—and he wasn't a blonde either. Whatever he did or said to interest me, or any one else, I am at a loss to conjecture. And if he looks back to that blissful period and tries to imagine what he could have possibly seen in me, he will be as greatly puzzled as I am, I haven't the slightest doubt. I have placed myself in an attitude of thought many and many a time, and tried my "level best" to remember anything he ever said, and I couldn't do it. He was good-looking for a green boy of seventeen, and wore tolerably well-fitting clothes, and danced reasonably well, but I think it was a jaunty sailor hat, with blue ribbons, that he wore on the side of his head, that utterly "smashed" my young, susceptible heart. He had a sweet, poetical name, too, and perhaps that had something to do with it, all along with the straw hat. It was Obadiah. Obadiah Crane. There are a great many soft cadences and sweet trills in that name, and its music lingers like a sweet half-forgotten chant. He had an absent, distressed manner with him always, and he wore little, small, tiny ear-rings of pure gold. It was before the days of "Milton" and "Oroide," or I might be led to question the purity of those ornaments. I reckon they were *gold*, easy enough. I don't think I ever fancied them much, because I always had an idea gentlemen shouldn't indulge in such feminities; but for all that I was dreadfully incensed at my big brother when he suggested that probably he wore them for weak brains. If he had said for weak eyes I should have been happy—but he *didn't* say anything of the sort.

And now, having said so much, perhaps you are anxious to know what was the end of all this sentiment. *I* would like to know too. I presume the childish passion died a natural death, as I have no recollection of murdering it, and I know *he* hadn't force enough to figure in high tragedy. I don't know whether he ever blossomed into anything great or not, but I dare say he didn't. Perhaps, too, you would like to know how I came to think of him at all, at this late day, when probably he has gone "to claim his reward," or is settled down somewhere on the Earth's surface, contented and happy, with only an occasional gray hair in his silky beard. The truth is, a messenger boy called here, half an hour since, who was a counterpart of my Obadiah, as my Obadiah was, fifty years ago. He wouldn't own up to the name of Crane, but I'm certain he was Obadiah's son. Perhaps they have had their name changed by special act of the Legislature. Anyhow, Crane, or what not, he looked like Obadiah, and he smelt like Obadiah (*musk* was his favorite perfume), and he talked like Obadiah—i. e.—he didn't say *anything*, and I sat before him and made a note of all his green, bashful, embarrassed ways, and it took me back to "Auld Lang Syne," and I don't believe I was ever so supremely thankful for anything (except my last Summer's Dolly Varden) as I was that I had passed that interesting stage in my life's journey, jotted down in all the note books as—sweet sixteen.

Girls and boys are well enough in the home nest. They chipper, and sing their little songs, and are a comfort and a blessing to all with whom they come in contact; and all because they are loved and appreciated, and there isn't much expected of them.

But when the larks first try their wings and attempt to "meet the sun"—or daughter, as the case may be, it is best to have no old larks about. And if all the young larks could be blessed with short memories, it would be a much happier state of things. It isn't pleasant to look back and think what ignominious failures your finest attempts were. Of course everybody comes out right at last—if they have good luck and plenty of perseverance, but *I* never take any pride in backward glances, and I don't believe any one does.

But with all this talk and retrospection, I am quite forgetting holiday seasons and holiday fashions. Dear old Kriss Kringle—the jolly old Dutchman, who is reverently supposed to be the presiding genius of Christmas, was "around" in New York, and Philadelphia, too, from all accounts. Dear me! Such a wilderness of Christmas trees. Such an illumination of wax-candles; such miracles of dolls, and Noah's arks, and animals; and (let me whisper it) what desperate flirtations all along with the trimming of the churches. I don't know how many marriages have come from that one little rite of dressing up the church in evergreens. That sly little archer, Love, is always hidden away somewhere, and shoots his arrows right and left. Of course he never takes direct aim at the minister, be he ever so young and susceptible, but a chance shot cripples him sometimes, nevertheless.

Everything seems propitious to the blind God—the low, solemn pealing of the organ, the glimpses of white, dextrous fingers nimbly flashing in and out among the green leaves and holly berries, the sweet, girlish voices that will every now and then burst forth in a Christmas carol—and last, not least, the long undertone consultations that may, or may not, relate to the proper arrangement of certain wreaths and crosses. These gas-light gatherings always possessed a deep interest for me. If as a romancist I had been a success, I think I would have enjoyed writing a story, laying the first scene in some old ivy-covered church on Christmas Eve. I think I could have chosen my characters from real life, and had them sufficiently varied to give the requisite spice to the narrative. Possibly I might have had to imagine the "ghost," as I have never met one sufficiently important to figure in a Christmas story. And what is a Christmas story without its ghost? I don't know that anything very alarming ever happened to any of my real-life characters. They all loved, or thought they did, which is just exactly as well, and all married; and at this present moment they are probably engaged patching the knees of little Tommy's trousers, or wondering what there can possibly be at that odious club to keep Augustus out all hours of the night. But a romancist is expected to lend his imagination wings, and possibly I might have taken these kind, harmless, well-intentioned people, and put them up to all sorts of wickedness, and dragged them through such sloughs of sorrow, and caused them to shed such rivers of unavailing tears, that the wonder would be that they were not completely dissolved by the process.

But here I am near the end of my column, and not a word yet on the subject nearest my heart. I sat down to tell you of *fashions*, to describe some of the pretty toilets that have been gotten up especially for New Year's—to speak of the novelties I have seen, and to give you an inkling of what is to come, for be it known there are some things that have not been made public yet, and will not be for weeks, unless some of us who have been favored with a glimpse behind the scenes break our oath of secrecy, which I wouldn't do for the world. I thought it would not look well to plunge right into the subject without any preliminary remarks, but, as usual, I have "preliminarised" too much; but if you will all recollect right where I left off, I will commence again next week and see if I can't do better. OLIVE KING.

CONCERNING MONEY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GLEN CAROL.

We think of nothing in this galloping age but money. How to amass a fortune in the shortest possible space of time, is the problem of to-day, and will be the problem of to-morrow and next day. And it is all well enough that we should work to gain the desired object, and natural enough, too, that we should crave that which alone can surround us with the comforts, luxuries, and beautiful things so necessary to our real enjoyment of this world—only let us be sure that we prize the mighty power because of the many barriers it sweeps away, for the joys, the blessings that it brings, and not for its own regal sake.

Don't hoard away your bank-notes until the spare pocket-book begins to look dropsical. Decrease its plethora from time to time—trade away your crisp or wrinkled paper for enjoyments real and tangible, that shall freshen the fading smile upon your wife's worn face, and call rippling laughter to the lips of your children. Barter your gold and silver for home sunshine. Don't transform all the present, pleasant days into gloomy and wretched ones, while preparing for the rainy season so inevitably and persistently prophesied by those antiquated croakers who, having spoiled, soured, and made miserable their families' lives and their own, now proffer their moth-eaten advice to the inexperienced, in the hope of some day seeing them equally miserable. A plague upon rainy days! Let the rainy days take care of themselves! Look well to this, ye who make haste to be rich, that you starve not the Present to surfeit the Future! Lest, when at last that Future is reached, the sweets long withheld from eager, yearning lips be turned to the very gall of bitterness, or the vapidness of indifference! Look well to it, ye who scatter only shadows through the homes you should fill with sunshine, that you clutch not your gold until it tarnishes within your grasp.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Downward sinks the setting sun,
Soft the evening shadows fall;
Light is dying,
Day is dying,
Darkness sleepeth over all—
Good-night!

Autumn garners in her stores—
Treasures of the fading year;
Leaves are dying,
Winds are sighing,
Whispering of the Winter near—
Good-night!

Youth is vanished, manhood wanes
Age its forward shadow throws;
Day is dying,
Years are flying,
Life runs onward to its close—
Good-night!

FOR GOLD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLE BREMER.

> "I question the bodiless shapes of air
> That hover about when the soul is sad,
> To know why the angel of death should spare
> The worn and weary instead of the glad."

Yes, she is dead, the fond, faithful friend of my early youth. Her frail life barque is anchored safe amid the "Blessed isles." How lovely she looked in death—lovely as when in life she walked, the queen of beauty, and "drew after her the hearts of many." Young and fair, with vistas of happiness opening out before her, ere yet the flavor was off the wine of life, the death angel set his signet upon her brow, and lightly as falls the dew from heaven, he loosed the silver cord; and while sunset's flaming arrows were quivering upon the western hills, the sun of life went down in the silent sea of eternity. The world, to her, looked fair and bright, and she dreaded the dark river, and even when her feet trembled upon its brink she cast a longing, lingering look at the glad green earth and the loved ones she was leaving. Oh, thou death angel, why couldst thou not have taken the worn and weary instead of the glad? Why couldst thou not have spared the opening rose and plucked the poor crushed violet? To her that longed to stay, death was a terror; to me that long to go it would be a boon.

She dreaded the valley of the shadow; to me how welcome its cool shades and eternal silence.

There was a time when I was happy, too; ah me, how long ago that seems! Measured by years it is only a few—measured by sorrow it is ages and ages, since one who was the bravest of the brave, left me to seek the fortune that was to win me. Yes, he must win gold ere he could claim his bride. Oh, ye who sent him away from me to gather the glittering dirt, I cannot hold you guiltless; but for you the lost one might still be with me, instead of in his lonely grave, in that far away sunset land.

Yes, he went to the distant Eldorado, in search of the precious metal for which so many have sweat, and bled, and spent their lives, only to find, in the end, that they have given their souls in exchange for a heap of yellow dust.

I waited in hope—often picturing our meeting at his home-coming. But, alas! he never returned. One evening as I sat dreaming of him, a letter was brought me—dead—that one word seemed burning into my brain and blasting my sight. Never shall I forget the agony of that hour; never till memory is drowned in the bliss of eternal reunion.

Dead! away from home, his grave hollowed by strangers; no kindly hand to moisten his parched lips or wipe the death dew from his brow.

> "Haply thistles blue and red
> Bloom about his lonesome bed."

THE THREE CHIMES: A CAROL.

BY RICHARD ATKINSON.

The bells are ringing across the snow—
Across the snow in the Christmas Eve
Now wild and sweet, now faint and low,
This song the voices weave.

We sing a requiem, sad and slow,
To the sainted rest of days of yore;
For men must come, and men must go,
In the quick years evermore.

We ring a chime—and a happy chime—
To the troubled hearts of men that be;
As came a voice of olden time,
On the shore of Galilee.

But fair of all is the last sweet chime
We ring of the years and years to be
Ere cometh the golden harvest-time
Of immortality!

LETTER FROM KANSAS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY FRANCINA.

DEAR POST:—Have you ever been in Kansas *personally*? If you haven't, and have read any of our enthusiastic Western papers, and are at all credulous, you, no doubt, consider it the lost Eden enlarged and improved, and sigh because you are not a young man in indigent circumstances, so that you might "Go West, young man, go West!" and earn your fortune on her fertile plains.

Not being situated to come yourself, perhaps you know of some poverty-stricken mortal who contemplates coming to secure one of the "homes for the million."

Now, doesn't that sound grand? Homes for the million! What is a home? I presume, if you should be set down in the centre of a a forty thousand acre field, without any fence around it; with no tree, no shrub, nor man, nor beast, nor any habitation in visual range; and the wind howling at you for intruding on its domain, you wouldn't feel very much "at home," now, would you? Yet, that is all the home you could lay any claim to; and that is the prospect you have before you, if you act upon the advice that many give you, "to go West, if you have only enough to take you there."

To do Kansas justice, she does favor us with splendid Summers and glorious Autumns, but, like a great many people I could mention, she spoils it all by "*blowing*" about it the rest of the year. I think Shakspeare must have been sojourning in Kansas when he wrote—

> "Blow, ye winds! Howl!
> Crack your cheeks," &c.

though they do not, usually, require much persuasion.

You have heard enthusiastic and veracious (which should be read voracious) individuals descant upon our mild winters; nevertheless, I would not advise you to leave your flannel undershirt out for the heathen, when you pack your valise.

And put your blue overcoat where you can lay your hands on it any instant—then, if you can raise "spondulics" enough to bring you and "your family," and have enough left to build you a house, and fence your "80," and get you a team, and to buy some currant bushes and things, and dig a well, and purchase a plank to lay over it till you can afford a pump, and to get a pig and a cow and nine hens and roosters, and have remaining a silver half dollar with a hole in it for your babies to cut their teeth on, why, then, I suppose you may come.

One thing more, however. Though the pyramid of Kansas fruit did take the premium at the National Pomological Fair, you need not expect to find such pyramids of fruit "lying around loose."

And pictures representing Kansas farmers climbing ladders to pull their corn, and their boys hollowing out pumpkins for cattle sheds, may safely be regarded as slight exaggerations. In addition, as some encouragement, milk and honey do not flow in sufficient quantities to interfere with pedestrian exercise at all.

Now, if you come, you know what to expect. And I feel, as only those can feel who have fearlessly performed a duty.

If the Emigration Society find me out, tell my friends I met my fate bravely, and I commend to their consideration these lines of Mrs. Bedott's consolatory effusion:

> "Then mourn not for her early deth,
> But to submit endever;
> For spose she hadn't a died so soon,
> She couldn't a lived forever."

Washington Etiquette.

The Washington Capital has the following remarks on "Etiquette:"—We regret to learn that the reform proposed in the old worn-out etiquette of Washington will not be carried into effect. The monstrous labor imposed upon the good ladies of the Cabinet of returning calls made upon them by every Tom, Dick and Harry who happened to be in Washington is to be continued. The wife of a Secretary is expected to begin every day immediately after breakfast with a hand bushel-basket of cards in a hack, and continue until six o'clock without intermission, tearing up and down streets, along back alleys, and out into the suburbs in search of boarding-houses and hotels where the wives of Tom, Dick and Harry are supposed to be lodged. Constitutions have been impaired and lives lost in this insane folly. We have seen Secretaries' wives fade under the burden, and their horses grow consumptive as the season progressed, without any possible return for the sacrifice. It is really pitiable to see some newly appointed female Cabinet struggling with adversity on Capitol Hill. No coachman or hack-driver ever does know the streets of that locality, and of consequence madame goes wandering to and fro inquiring her way from house to house, trying to find the infamous Tompkins from some remote district, who has called, with ten thousand others, on the female incumbent. Why these calls cannot be returned by card, puzzles the will and confounds the understanding.

A Modern Demosthenes.

Oregon is happy. She has in her State Legislature the "most eloquent orator of the age," if the local press is to be believed. The Portland Oregonian publishes the eloquent gentleman's speeches verbatim, and, judging by the following extract, its expressions of pride thereat are not without foundation. There was a bill before the Legislature for the appointment of a State Geologist, and, amid breathless silence, the gifted member said: "Mr. Speaker—Fortunately or unfortunately it has been my province to live in a mining country during the biggest part of my brief but eventful existence. Fifteen years ago I considered myself a geologist. From my earliest infancy I have been possessed of an overmastering impulse to explore the bowels of the earth. But, sir, Mr. Speaker, the bowels of the earth are hard to get at, and the man who would study the subterranean anatomy of the universe must pull off his boots and socks like the prophet of old, saying reverently, 'This is holy ground; there's bullion in these diggins'! [Prolonged applause.] Sir, for fifteen years I have consecrated myself to the investigation of the minerals that underlie the Pacific coast. I have traversed the coast with the most learned geologists both of this and the Old World, and we have come to the conclusion—reluctantly but unanimously—that this 'ere kentry has rocks in it you can't find in the text books."

STEAM-POWER
Book and Job Printing
Wedding Cards, Bill-Heads,
Visiting Cards, Statements,
Business Cards, Circulars,
Books, Checks,
Catalogues, Pamphlets,
Briefs of Titles, Paper Books,
AND
ALL OTHER PRINTING.
Apply personally or by letter to
DEACON & PETERSON,
319 Walnut Street.
Or at the Printing Office in the rear, Nos. 108 & 110 Hudson Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

DREAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GYPSY WILDE.

Back again to the years that have fled,
Safe in my little trundle bed;
Sleep the sleep of childhood again,
No care on my brow, no shadow of pain!
Hear me say my evening-prayer,
Leave me to the Father's care,
Tuck the bed-clothes warm and tight,
Now, sweet mother, kiss good-night.

Oh, my child-dreams come once more,
Open wide the golden door;
Let me see the star-gemmed dome
Of my fairy-peopled home;
From the remote isle of dreams,
Rare and radiant seraph gleams
Softly o'er my child-brow creep,
While the angels vigils keep.

From the grand incoming future
Floats a shallop up to me,
Sails unfurled in sapphire splendor,
Mirrored in a golden sea:
With the tide of Aspiration
Flooding full the tide of life,
Swift to join the royal Argo,
Flushed and eager for the strife.

Always near, and never near me,
Was this fairy, phantom thing,
Yet I seemed to float for ages,
Borne on fleetest spirit wing.
I awake to find the vision
Fair and treacherous, vague and vain—
Has become a living real,
Counting years of toil and pain.

And the golden barge of dreamland
Which my childhood chased with glee,
Like a star has set in darkness,
Lost to earth, and lost to me.
This real ship has not less beauty,
Freighted with my fancies rare,
Yet the sea is not so golden,
Nor the voyage half so fair.

On and on thro' endless moons,
Always sailing, never there,
With my hands for aye outstretching,
Grasping only—empty air.
And I know as years grow older
That I watched a fading shore,
And that soon the ship and landing,
I shall here see—never more.

Tired of heart and tired of vision,
Ever working, never gain,
This is why to-night, my spirit,
I would be a child again.

WERTZAL THE SCOUT;

OR,

The Phantom of the Black Hills.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

CHAPTER XIV.

Providence guided the poor girl around the out-building, directly to the place where the three ruffians had recently picketed their beasts, so that in case of emergencies, such as an unlooked for meeting with any of Vance's friends, they might be ready for flight.

In great straits, people conceive of, and execute, desperate plans, that in seasons of calm reflection they would never dare undertake. The moment that Emily Armstrong heard the stamping of the horses, the thought entered her mind, "I will cast them loose, and thus, perhaps, foil some of the ruffians' plotting."

Her months of experience with the savages had removed all timidity in regard to animals, but the first horse which she approached reared and plunged so as to make it dangerous to advance. Speaking softly to them, she crossed to the other side, and was surprised to find the beast there steady under her hurried movements to pull up the picket pin.

Now another thought came like lightning into her brain.

"If I could only lead two of the horses off to a safe distance, and Captain Vance could escape and find me."

The possibility of the event was worth the hazard. Holding by the bridle of the released animal, she cautiously felt for the fastening of the next, not unmindful of the curvetting of the vicious white beast. At last, with a bridle in each hand, she began moving away.

"I can but let go of them at last," she thought, "if I must," and she moved carefully through the tall grass to the right—the darkness making every step dangerous.

The left hand horse followed tractably, the right hand one sagged sulkily upon the rein, not quite refusing to follow, but showing an unamiable temper.

She could hear the loud voices back at the town, the almost canine yelping of human beings, and, by and by, the horse left alone, pierced the darkness with a shrill, prolonged neigh. The left hand animal which Emily held, gave a premonitory snort, drew his breath in short and heavily, preparing to reply; but while a deafening singing, in view of the crisis, began in her ears, she jerked on the bits, spoke sharply, and hurried forward. Not along the road, but off to the east of the town, until the voices no more reached her with distinctness, even while the storm seemed permanently lulled; and then she came to a halt, reflecting that it was useless to proceed farther, when she might simply be approaching danger instead of shunning it.

That infernal white horse left behind sent out another squeal, and poor Emily realized that if its ruffian rider gave it the lead, it would, doubtless, follow straight in her tracks. Yet she resolutely resolved to hold on to the bridles until the last moment.

After a time the distant sounds ceased, and yet she stood trembling with cold and wet, bare-headed and in her stocking feet, and devoured of a gnawing anguish in thinking Captain Vance might already be dead, in which case, what would the morning bring her?

A half hour more of that dreadful suspense, and then her ear caught the faint and distant "per-r-r quit! quit!" of a wild turkey. She thought nothing of it at first, amidst the other peeping and rasping and muttering of nocturnal insects; but when she heard it again, and realized that the wild turkey would hardly be astir at that unseemly hour, her heart bounded with suffocating pulsations.

She had listened and laughed by the half hour to hear Captain Vance, as teacher, and Harry Burke, as pupil, mimic the turkey-call, so that the boy-hunter, perfecting himself in this bird's dialect, could hide in the rank grass and call up the game within gun-shot range.

Still more intently she listened, and one time nearer, and the next time moving away, at long intervals, came the bird-call.

In vain she attempted to reply in the same language. She was not practised in the notes; and at any other time, under any other circumstances, she would have blushed at her ludicrous failure.

Trembling so that she could hardly walk, she led the horses toward the shifting sound. The intervals between the calls were so long that she gave up in despair; to overtake the person making them seemed out of the question.

Once more she heard the "per-r-r quit, quit" but a little way to the right, and then it ceased. She went forward, as near as she could judge, until she had passed the locality of the noise, then she turned back the horses, which were straggling aimlessly the length given them by her loose hold upon the bridle.

"Halt!" came the low, deep challenge from almost beneath her feet.

Then answered the woman nature:

"Captain Vance! Oh, for Heaven's sake, do take hold of these creatures. I've draggled about with both hands full of horse until I am half dead."

"Just Heaven! Emily, what are you doing with those animals?"

"I don't know; nothing much. But they belong to those dreadful men—the other one acted so that I couldn't get him, and I'm so afraid that he will lead the demons to discover us—"

"Hah! well thought of," and Vance had not been idle during this time, but with his sleight-of-hand movement, though in a fumbling manner for him, he had tossed over the right stirrup on the beast that Emily said "wasn't a mite sulky," and lifted her in an odd manner into the man's saddle.

"There—can you ride?"

"Yes, I am nicely wedged in," she replied, as he flung himself upon the other.

"Then it will be a race for life—do you hear that? The other horse will betray us. Until now, probably, they have thought that these animals had strayed off of themselves—they will give him the rein; these half-wild steeds of Texan and Indian breed are wonderfully attached to each other. There! they're already on the trail."

The fierce, wild neighing of the white stallion trembled out in the solemn darkness.

"Follow close. When you can hold out no longer, let me know it."

"Ride," she answered, laconically.

He drove the spurs into the steed and dashed ahead. Emily's horse followed with a long stride that jarred the very earth beneath his feet.

But in less than half an hour the sounds of pursuit were distinctly heard by the fugitives. Suddenly Captain Dave drew rein.

"How much longer can you hold out at this pace, Emily?"

"Not much longer, I'm afraid; it's so hard to keep in this saddle."

"I know it. They will overtake us—I am going to wait for them here. Drive on as far and as fast as you can, without regard to my coming up with you! If there are only two or three I, perhaps, can manage them; if there are more—well, they would come up with us, anyway." There was a quiver in his tones foreign to the usual voice of Captain Dave.

"I do not choose to leave you to be murdered," she stoutly affirmed.

"Go on—go on!" he repeated. "Each instant increases your peril."

But she cried out joyfully, "A gleam of light not more than two miles away. It was no star breaking through the clouds; it beamed from some settler's dwelling. Follow me."

Fully believing that Emily's eyes had played her a trick, still with a stifled moan, Vance spurred on after her. A half-hour more of riding for life, with heads turned full oft to listen behind them, and suddenly the sounds of pursuit ceased, and in twenty minutes more they were on the outskirts of a settlement of some fifteen or twenty cabins.

When within gun-shot range of the outermost buildings, the report of a rifle close by brought them to a sudden pause.

"Who advances?" called a stentorian voice, apparently from the bowels of the earth.

"Only friends," responded Vance.

"Jes so, friends to who, Bill Grouchy or the Emmets?"

"Speak to him, Emily."

"Please, let us pass into the town; we've been all night trying to escape from—from—mercy! let us pass.'

"A petticoat, I swear," muttered the subterraneous voice. "Here, you, hoist yourselves out of the saddles—you might be mistook a little ways beyond. When they challenge—we're having a devil ov a time with bushwhackers hereabouts—ye call back 'Emmet' for countersign; an' no tricks, or ye'll get a button-hole worked in yer kivering. Get on, if yer in trubble, fur thar's a rumble off ter the right as prognosticates—mind the countersign and *git*."

At the challenge and reply, close in front of the line of cabins, a small dark lantern was flashed over the new-comers. Then followed an ejaculation of wonder, and a young, stalwart form leaped from a patent rifle-pit and seized Vance by the shoulders.

"In the name of God, Captain Dave, what planet has spilled you to-night in our troubled settlement?"

"Bob Winters's voice, let the man be who it will," replied Vance; "but easy, Bob, easy on that side—I'm scratched in several places."

"You? What in the deuce have you been doing?" Bob meanwhile was rapping lustily upon the door of a cabin near by. "Hurry up, Martha, and unbar the door. Mars, or some other old planet has bubbled over, running a friend or two into our midst."

A black-eyed woman, trembling and white with terror, unbarred the door, and catching a glimpse of Emily by means of her husband's lantern, threw up her hands; but an instant after she caught the girl in her arms.

"Oh, what dreadful times! And you, poor dear, where have you come from? and where are you going?"

Poor Emily, laughing and crying hysterically, said she didn't know.

"And you are soaking wet, child. I must put you in better plight, although I have no heart to move."

During this brief conversation of the women, Winters was telling Vance hurriedly:

"A party of border desperadoes are lurking near, and we expect instantaneous attack, as they have sworn neither to eat nor drink until they have strung up the Emmet brothers. Young Joe Emmet started, after dark, to get aid from the outpost, but whether he'll ever get there is more than we can tell. Martha, my girl, throw aside your fears and get a luncheon. Border life, Vance, illustrates the Good Book, 'Eat and drink, for to-morrow you die.' I must get into my post-hole again. God, Vance, you are wounded." He had just glanced at his sticky fingers, and the fire-light revealed blood.

"Yes, a hurt or two about the shoulder and arm. Go to your post, the women and I can dress the scratches."

"All right; I don't dare tarry, as I am one of the outer line of pickets. See to him, Martha, and don't fret about Joe."

He was gone outside.

"The Emmets are your brothers, then?" questioned Captain Dave, working his coat-sleeve off the right arm, and gingerly drawing it over the left one.

"Yes, sir—and better brothers never lived; but they attached themselves to a sort of Vigilance Committee to protect the rights of the pioneers, and being active instead of passive members, they have jeopardized their lives. Each one has been wounded several times, but thus far have escaped fatal thrusts. Dear me!" bringing out a roll of bandages, "you have bled badly."

"I thought so, but couldn't really tell, as I was drenched with rain. I leaped from the window when the roughs came into the chamber, and in knocking over the fellow outside, first got a gouge from his knife up through the fleshy part of the arm into the shoulder, and afterward took a pistol-ball in the same arm, happily intercepting its passage to the heart. I guess, Mrs. Winters, that you will have to cut away this shirt-sleeve—ish, how that hurts."

As soon as Emily, in the other apartment of the cabin, could don some of her kind hostess's dry garments, she returned to assist in the dressing of Captain Dave's wounds.

She gasped at sight of the blood, dimly shown by the firelight, but did not faint nor fly.

"Some water, my dear,' said Mrs. Winters, to Emily, "right there in the corner, I believe—but laws-a-me! we have had such a fright to-night, that I don't know where anything is. Now, if you will please hold his arm—so—I will wash the upper cut and swathe it, after I apply some nice healing salve of my own make—what's that? Dear Heaven! how the least click startles me. There! that gash feels better, captain?"

"Very much better—but there's trouble for us in this lower wound. The pistol-ball remains; feel into my coat pocket, my good woman, and hand me that small oval case. That is it. Open carefully and hand me the lancet,—can you hold my arm steady?"

"No, no, no, not if you are going to cut," shudderingly affirmed dame Martha; "I am faint at the idea."

"Emily, come here," called Vance, "find my pincers in the case, and then hold my arm steadily. Come, come, I'm not going to have you turn so white about the lips—and I am in a hurry, too; the entertainment outside may commence at any moment. There! hold firmly. After I slice up on each side a bit, get the pincers into the wound and grasp the ball. Mrs. Martha, have some water near. Now, Emily—hiew! that smarts—push in the forceps steadily—spread them a little more—press in—gouge in deeper—shut the jaws on to it—pull—ah, that's it—death! what a twinge—no matter, it's out. Why, Emily!"

This last for the reason that Emily, pincers and ball, had dropped in a rumpled heap in the corner.

"Laws! let her be, poor dear! I can help now—when its only to bind up the wound. Deary sakes, how you bleed—if she—"

But Mrs. Armstrong, already overcoming her momentary weakness, was by his side, with the bowl of water and the needful cloths. Not another word was spoken for a few minutes, while they efficiently swathed up the ugly cuts.

Captain Dave had just said what brave, capable, little women they were, and how fortunate he was in not being injured in the right arm, and was hating to ask them to do what they could for a stiff, smarting gash in the region of the shoulder, when the quick, ominous crack of a rifle disturbed the silence of the late night.

The wash-bowl held by Mrs. Martha dropped from her hands and shivered into a hundred pieces at her feet.

"God have mercy upon us!" was her low, gasping supplication.

Another and another rifle report. The pickets were signalling danger from outpost to outpost. A score of demoniacal whoops followed, answered by wild, straggling yells, and shouts, punctuated off with streams of fire and continuous reports of fire-arms.

Captain Dave clumsily hugged his rifle in the crook of his swathed and wounded arm, drove home the cartridges with a thud, and sprang for the door, unmindful at the moment of a five-inch gash across the shoulder-blade.

"Crouch before the fire, Emily, to screen the light—open the way, Mrs. Martha; I know that cry—let me out," and with a frontier yell he leaped from the low portal into the thickest of the melee.

The two women executed the scene that was presented in every settler's cabin in the place. Wringing their hands, moaning, praying, locked in each other's arms, trying to shut out the dreadful sounds, listening for the expected crackle of flames—God of the universe! can such things be, and Thou, still beneficent and merciful Being, the One Monarch and Lord of all? How finite mind shrinks within itself unable to solve these mysteries.

"Oh!" moaned Mrs. Winters, "every one of us will be murdered; and where is Joe with the needful aid? Poor Joe, perhaps already cold in death. Mercy, mercy! they are coming nearer; they must have dashed past the brave fellows in the pits. What a say—it was Bob—I can see—Heavenly Father, a light through the chinks of the cabin. The settlement is burning—that cry again—it *is* Bob trying to make us understand our danger. Dear girl, throw the bucket of water on to the embers while I unbar the door. Hist! there are heavy feet close up, crouch on the floor, and as they stride in try to dash between their feet. My God, my God, hear Robert's voice screaming—'Martha, run, run!'"

Emily crouched in the doorway as Mrs. Winter's told her to do, while the brave woman, maddened by her husband's despairing cry, and feeling that everything was at stake, seized the axe, threw up the iron bar, and the door swung open.

Between her and the dim light of the clearing sky, she beheld the tufted head and devilish, painted face of a herculean savage, behind him was another and another; and nerved with the agony of death she swung up the keen weapon and struck with all her strength at the figure before her.

At that instant a wild panorama of all that was passing seemed to fill her brain. The shrieks of women and children, the savage whoop, and the wild yells of the settlers, the flashing and crackling of the burning homes of the pioneers—then a frenzied, prolonged, blood-curdling cry, mingled with the thundering jar of rushing cavalry, and a circle of fire seemed to flash seething before her face.

CHAPTER XVII.

TOO LATE.

The morning light flickering above the bank of clouds in the eastern sky shone upon a solemn spectacle. The charred and smoking ruins of a prosperous settlement. The needful aid from the military out-post above had been too late in its arrival. Some time absent in pursuit of a party of marauding Sioux, the soldiers had returned, and without an instant's hesitation heeded young Emmet's call for aid. They had ridden hard—they had done their best; not a man lagged, but their animals were badly blown to start with, and they were—*too late!* Too late to save the settlement, too late to prevent the murder of the pioneers—only in season to save the savage disfiguration of the bodies. Here were poor fellows who were slain on their very doorsteps, where they had made their last stand in defence of their loved ones. Others had fallen at the beginning of the attack. Some few, wounded desperately, yet lived.

Many of the women and children had come to a sadder end. Hugging to the shelter of their homes to the last, they had been stifled with the smoke, or buried in the burning ruins.

The few well-directed, low-aimed volleys of the cavalry had put the murderous horde to flight, and then commenced the solemn raising up of the dead, and hurried ministrations to the wounded and dying.

Young Joseph Emmet had uttered a choking cry of agony upon finding the body of his brother pierced by a half score of rifle balls, but he was yet to find his cup full to the dregs of woe.

Near the site of his smouldering, humble home was sturdy Robert Winters, helpless and silent enough now, with his broad breast deluged in his own blood, a pool of which had trickled into a slight hollow and dabbled about his head. Fallen backward half over the doorsill lay his wife, her skull cleft by a savage tomahawk. Crushed under her and nearly concealed by the murdered woman's garments, lay Emily Armstrong, as still as the corpse above her, and her lovely face and beautiful yellow curls soaked in blood.

Still the sickening, appalling search went on. Where the fight had been fiercest Vance lay amid the dead and wounded, his breast now and then quivering convulsively in its tenacious hold of life.

* * * * *

The scene was far different around Fort H——, on that pleasant night of Spring, when Wertzal, wearing all the badges of the Western scout, strode up to the out-post. It was the time of yearly traffic and carousal, bringing in traders, trappers, friendly Indians, and the universal Plug-Ugly of the plain. Every imaginable species of out-door sport was going on—wrestling, gambling, and the fantastic dances of the aborigines, while, a little removed from the immediate vicinity of the fort, crowds of wild riders were putting their horses through their best paces, either for the purpose of effecting sales, or to display their remarkable horsemanship. It was a sort of fair, this yearly repairing to the forts and military out-posts, where old chummies met and related the past year's experiences, and blew each other's eyes full of tobacco smoke; and hostile parties zealously renewed half-forgotten feuds, and either engaged in fisticuffs, or abused each other in the diabolical jargon of the half-breed.

Wertzal made his way up to a party of scouts and hunters, who a little withdrawn from other groups, were busy in roasting a haunch of venison, just brought in by one of the number.

"Hulloo," was the hearty call of one, "if here ain't Wertzal. How are yer, old boy?"

"Hearty," was the significant reply, with a jerk of the head toward the roast.

"Aye, shell hev a chaw thar directly," replied the acting cook, whopping the juicy meat over to bring another side to the fire; "it's a serline and rump steak altogether."

"I like my grass cured that way," nodded Wertzal; and while the roast went on with its fizzing and spluttering, the old scout carried away by the noise and excitement around him, broke out into uproarious singing. Quirky, at his master's unusual demonstration, got up and sat down again, and changed his position so as to beat time furiously with his short and frenzied tail. It wasn't often that his master attempted vocal music; in fact, the case so seldom occurred, that the dog's nerves finally gave way, and he began whining, and finished by elevating his muzzle with a long-drawn howl.

"That 'll do, dorg," said the singer, with a sudden pause; "yer are not to cum in with hallelujah-amen till the sam's ended; besides, yer carried the upper part oncommon handy, an' we'll hang up till arter supper."

The party watching the roasting haunch laughed uproariously at the termination of the singing, and invited the jovial vocalist to come and partake of the repast.

"What are you doing with yourself now-in-days?" questioned a fellow guide.

"Am to meet a caravan here—traders bound to Santa Fe. Sum on 'em, with others, went across to the Black Hills months ago, and got a heap of peltries among the broken-up tribes of Arickaras and Shoshones; an' now they've got up an expedition to fill-a-buster, or sumthin' wuss, among the jealous, yaller-skinned fandangoes; but I never knew a whole expedition to that quarter of the globe to git out on't safe. Some on em allus falls a victim to the *se-deuse-ive* wiles of the Spanish-Mexican."

"But *you* always came through safely, Wertzal?"

"That's my lergitermate biz. When I traded this orgin," pointing to the patch-covered socket, "I 'spect I lost my eye for beauty—leastwise, the other is simply the eye of a scout. Now, thar was Ned Lewis—(reflectively)—some on ye remember Ned, that rigged out a reglar caravanneeessary six years ago, with the intention of fust tradin' at Santa, an' arterwards climbin' the ridge, to descend into Airyzona—a clear-headed, strong-fisted scout. Well, we hed a ruff passage over the flats—the desert—the 'Hell-stake-er-two' of the Spaniard; what with the white free-riders and the Komanchis, pushin' our way shoulder to shoulder through fire and bodkins—an' he did fust-rate with his perduce, but somehow fell inter a trap set by one ev them snoreretas, and gut his heart slit in a minute. Allus lose one er two fellers off the train in jest that ar way. Wat's a-goin' on yonder? See, them copperplate cusses drive ther lice round that unokkypied place—it's 'mazin."

Two or three braves mounted upon horses, on the flanks of which were dimly to be discerned the yet undefaced brand betraying recent Spanish ownership, were performing antics that would have given world-wide celebrity to a modern circus.

The savage riders had evidently taken great pains with their toilets, for the blotches were laid on thick and handsome—if you like—and their heads almost literally tarred and feathered; fringes fluttered from their garments, and the animals which they rode evidently enjoyed the sport as well as the spectators.

Wertzal, with others, moved nearer the starting point of the savage equestrians, and by so doing, came in full view of a ring of Indians in the tumult of one of their ludicrous dances.

Several officers from the fort stood near with their ladies; the latter, for the most part, Eastern women. A shuddering fascination chained them to the spot from which they could witness these never-to-be-forgotten scenes.

"What dance is that?" questioned the wife of Lieutenant Meigs, turning to the scout, and in vain striving to repress a smile.

"The sculp dance, ma'am, they name it, but in my mind it were better called the *grunt* dance—leastwise, the corniption fit dance."

Mrs. Meigs laughed outright.

"That's splendid," she replied. "I will endeavor to remember it," and she again turned toward the aborigines, who with arms in part akimbo, and legs too, for that matter, were going through a series of contortions ludicrous in the extreme, each movement being accompanied with a "hoo! hoo! hip-hoo he! he! hi! hi! hip-hoo-hah."

"Conniption-fit dance, indeed!" she exclaimed laughingly to her husband; "I declare, Meigs, it is worth all the dangers of the situation to once witness such a sight as this."

"A great show," returned the Lieutenant, his gaze rivetted upon a group of wrestlers hitching up their breeches and swinging their arms preparatory to the muscular contest.

"Dicky ought to be here now," observed Wertzal to a companion; "yer remember Rubber Dicky, who would stretch the muscles, squeeze the ribs, an' bust the breath out'er every red louse on the perarie?"

A nudge of the elbow turned the old scout around, as if he were perched upon a pivot.

"I swar—Dicky! The very chap as I had in my mouth a minnit ago—how's yer fist?"

For answer the swarthy half-breed doubled his fingers into his palm and playfully dealt Wertzel such a rap on the shins that he limped for half an hour afterward.

"You take my word for de muscle? or you take my fist? you big, one-eyed fellar—eh!"

"Oh, yer word—allers yer word, Dicky," grimaced Wertzal, "what a doctor yer'd be to knuckle the roomatiz out'er a feller."

"You roomatiz? you lemme try?"

"Don't—don't!—yer put yer muscle among the wrestlers, an by in by, I'll try yer on a foot race."

"Hoo!—when you try?"

"Not now; after I git a haunch ver buffeler onter my grist-mill. Clear out, Dicky—thar go the legs and heels!"

As the half-breed with a peculiar rubber leap joined the ring around the wrestlers, Wertzal muttered to himself:

"Bang me with jackstones if I wouldn't ruther hev a tornado loose round me than that critter's gutta-percha knuckles—leastwise lightnin' ain't a powerful sight quicker on the foot than Rubber Dick."

Three minutes after the half-breed wrestler had entered the ring he had a red-skin in the air above his head, and with his fingers twisted in the breech-cloth, was whirling "Lo" about like a huge straddle-bug.

Wild shouts rent the air. By some odd trick, known only to himself, Rubber Dick got the better of each savage gladiator that entered the wrestlers' arena; and when at last with a grunt of disdain, a chief of twice Dicky's height strode forward and struck an attitude, and the wiry half-breed with an acrobatic bound leaped over the extended arm, and butting his opponent in the small of the back, suddenly straightened up with the savage balanced on his head and his brawny legs flapping like the treadles of a hand-loom, officers, scouts and spectators united in a deafening hurra, which kindled a demoniac light in the vanquished chieftain's eye that boded no good to the victor.

Five minutes later, however, Rubber Dick, squatted upon his haunches, was offering the calumet of peace to the ireful brave, which, in view of the time and place, the Pawnee thought fit to accept.

Suddenly the champion wrestler came to his feet. His eye for the first time had caught sight of the erratic curvetting and circling of the wild equestrians. His face flushed a rusty red, his eye blazed, he dropped his pipe.

"My hoss—yah, stole—my hoss—catchee—yah!" and he sprang away, while many eyes sought to follow his movements. He had completely disappeared amid the crowds.

Directly with a whoop, as the horses circled close to the line of lookers-on, Rubber Dick leaped from ambush, alighted upon the back of the steed, caught the astonished Indian dandy by his scrimp-pattern breeches, and dangling him from the side of the horse, dropped him upon the ground; then leaping to his feet upon the bare-backed animal, he rubbed his arms over each other, like a savage striking fire with sticks, gave a perfect imitation of a shuddering monkey chatter, spouted forth a torrent of mongrel vituperation, and with one foot on the shoulder of the mare and the other midway of her beautiful back, galloped gayly off.

"He's a perfect dragon," said some one, nodding toward the dizzily careering half-breed.

"Leastwise," remarked Wertzal, "thar ain't a pitch-wig on ther border but 'ad ruther meet his split-hoofed father than Rubber Dick. Somebody must persuade him to jine this expedish to Santa. No better vanguard could be bought, hired or stole than that feller straddled between the forrard waggin an' the Sioux an' Comanches as'll be proper likely to try to smoke our tobac and gazzle our corn juice."

A little later, when the riding had ceased, and Dicky, with the green leathern thong serving for a bridle over his arm, was sprawled upon the ground promiscuously among the scouts, the Indian jockey whom the half-breed had so unceremoniously unhorsed, advanced to the group.

"You heap big rider, heap big. Gee! Ompa-tong-gah takee hoss now—yah! yah!" Rubber Dicky dropped the bridle of the mare and sprang to his feet; whetting one arm with the other and projecting his under jaw, he poured forth a knotty string of abuse in the Omahaian chief's own language, and made intelligible enough to the others by the inimitable gesticulation.

Once in a while the broken English would come out in the most ludicrous manner.

"My hoss, my hoss—stole in Delaware's country—take 'ee, yah! Big Elk, takee—no givee, no getee—takee, takee—yah!"

The Indian jockey advanced toward the animal, whose buffalo hide bridle dangled down her neck, and put out his hand. Rubber Dick emitted another one of those shuddering monkey chatters.

At this the mare buttoned back her ears, pushed out her head, and flipping up her flexible lip snapped her teeth close to the astonished warrior's face. He gave an angry "yah!" and snatched at her bridle, but rising on her hind feet she made an up and down stroke with her forward legs that bespoke both promptness and decision of character. But the sequel will show that Dicky had reckoned without his host. While this by-play was going on, Wertzal had moved his position so as to obtain a better view of Rubber Dick's wife, of whom a fellow scout had told him, concluding his information in this manner:

"Come this way, Wertz; you say that you have lost your eye for beauty, therefore there is no danger for you; but I want your opinion of this woman. Dicky tells me that he married her among the Chinooks, I believe, west of the Rockys, but I have my doubts concerning the matter."

The scout following his leader, came to a place where a number of squaws were engaged in various occupations—some preparing the evening meal for their liege sanaps, others caring for several weasel-eyed papooses, and quite a number zealously smoking the veritable T. D. clay pipes. Standing somewhat apart from these, and evidently watching the progress of events between Rubber Dicky and the warrior, was a slight, supple figure, whose splendidly moulded form was displayed to the best advantage by her savage costume. She wore a gorgeous mantle over her short scarlet petticoat. Her light moccasins were gaudily embroidered with beads; her round, bare arm, as it fell from the open end of a mantle, was ornamented with curiously wrought bracelets of scarlet and blue, and a sort of pointed cap of the same colors was saucily perched upon her head. Over her slender shoulders fell a wonderful mass of hair—or a mass of wonderful hair, were the better way to speak of it—for the level beams of the sun, shooting through a rift in the heavy, uprising bank of clouds, brought a tint of bronze upon every up-lying tress, while that in the shadow showed only a dark and common hue.

Wertzal's long and steady scrutiny resulted in his exclaiming:

"Ponca or Chinook, or whatever tribe Dicky brought her from, she's no squaw, leastwise no Injin."

"My mind," said Brette, "an' if she'd turn this way ——"

The girl, pressed against by some person behind her, turned her head.

The cheeks were dusky, peachy-red, the forehead full and prominent, and eyes of a brown hue, almond-shaped, and as soft as velvet in expression.

Who was she? and where had Dicky found her? were natural questions in the mind of the scout; but at the moment she opened her lips and spoke to a woman near by in a smooth, flowing Indian dialect, showing that, at least, she was a savage by adoption.

Stolen, no doubt, from some frontier town in her infancy, and reared to believe herself one of the tribe among which she found herself, she neither, in instincts, hopes or inspirations rose above the savage level.

To return to Dicky. He had tauntingly said to the Indian jocky—

"My hoss—my hoss—no givee—takee—takee."

Quite unexpectedly to the half-breed, quite unexpectedly to the mare, the brave had leaped high, forming a sort of human triangle in the air, coming down astride of the beast, and, giving her a dig with his heels, scurried away before the astonished eyes of the lookers-on, giving as he went an exultant yell.

Dicky, bursting into wrathful expletives, sprang to the side of an officer, exclaiming, horriedly:

"You, chief, lem-me take hoss—you hoss—I bringee back my hoss."

"Take it," returned Colonel Hunt, making a virtue of necessity, and with a vengeful cry the half-breed shot off in pursuit of his foe.

Every one sprang to his feet to watch the race. Straight across the level plain the pursuit was visible, neither party seeming to have much advantage. By and by they dropped to the size of antelopes on the edge of vision; later yet, in the gathering dusk, they were as bats swooping and skimming along the horizon.

The massing clouds rolled heavily upward. The camp-fires flickered on dusky groups, making the grounds around the fort one wild, fantastic picture. After a time, scouts, half-breeds and Indians stretched themselves out toes to the fires, and planned for the future, or snored discordantly as the case might be. In regard to Wertzal, it seemed as he represented the matter, that "hevin' one eye consumedly shut, he allurs kept t'other open," therefore, to him Dicky came near midnight, having brought in both horses, and exhibited a small bundle of sticks and feathers, with a patch of moist, horribly crawled up skin attached, and whispered in harsh guttural tones: "Me get um—heap squaw—no much brave—squeally some—chase um that-a-ways and that-a-ways!" extending first one hand then the other, with the fingers outspread to designate miles—"catch um, got um—wah!"

"You git!" exclaimed Wertzal, with a shrug, "and chaw yer cud now ye've got it, for all I care, but don't be puttin' them horrid things under my nose—they e-fect my sleep—leastwise, my dreams air made skippery by such ungodly exherbitions. Rubber Dick, yer knuckles, yer jints, and yer wrastlin' is the best I know on, but yer dispersition is jest cussid—you git!"

The half-breed gave the old veteran one of his playful nudges in the ribs, which, Wertzal said, sot the gristle a-singin' over haf his mortal frame.

But the old scout, watchful yet meditative, had not penetrated the darkness to any great extent, and, therefore, had not seen all that was going on in his vicinty.

It was eleven o'clock—an hour before Dicky's return, when a huge form rose silent as a shadow from a group of sleepers, and noiselessly strode away in the darkness. By and by, coming to a bark lodge a little removed from the others, and still listening intently, he made a brief pause. Then crouching by the opening he crept stealthily within. There was a slight, momentary struggle but no out-cry, and two rods from the lodge the darkness of the night swallowed up the marauder and his burden. But of this side-show Wertzal's one eye was not cognizant. The first intimation of a secret mischief that he had was on Dicky's breathless return after an absence of twenty minutes.

"My squaw—my squaw!" was all that he could ejaculate.

"Well—what?" questioned Wertzal.

"Gone! gone."

"Eh? how? when? whar?"

"How? when? whar?" in turn questioned Rubber Dick. "I know. La-doo-kee-ah got her; he Pawnee chief; I toss um over thar—white fellars—fort chiefs—many—give much laugh—he got her."

He then seized a brand from a smouldering fire and returned to the lodge, and getting close down to the ground, began a hurried search for some trail of the thief.

The couch of skins was slid about, evincing a slight struggle, and the grass by the entrance of the tent was bent beneath a vandal heel. Dicky again sprang inside the lodge and pressed first his cheek and then his hand upon the skins.

"Not long gone—big scout find small warm thar!"

Wertzal could indeed find a slight warmth among the skins, showing that the half-breed's wife had lain there not a very great while before.

"You'll want help to find her, Dicky," said the scout, "and I was hopin to hist yer onto the guard of the caravan-necessary, as starts off directly for Santa."

"Me want help—yah-ugh! Me catchee Pawnee—then come long way quick—big wagons slow—get up, get up, bymby."

"If I hadn't hitched with these fellars to guide 'em, I'd like ter scrimmage with yer, Dicky, by all the saints in the cullender. Yer beat the ugly red on 'er lift, and he hadn't orter act nasty 'bout it—but yer talk to him, Dicky, when yer overtake him—tell 'im he's mean and measly."

The half-breed gave another chatter—an uncouth, horrible noise for a human being.

"I say short talk—no make much say—take my scalp or gim-me your scalp—yah!"

"Fair enough, Dicky; swoppin axidents on the square. You'll start as soon as—"

"See track—new day."

"Jes so, but jine the fill-a-buster experdition if yer can, Dicky—for thar's lots 'ev Komanches loose on ther flats, an' sum 'ev the fellars gwine in the persession are no great shakes at playin steddy with the thumb-piece ov 'er rifle."

The half-breed promised that if he could join the caravan before its return he would, and then as they stooped to pass outside the lodge, Wertzal heard a strange noise in the distance. Far, far to the westward, and so faint as to seem almost like the buzzing song of an insect, rose and fell a phantom cry.

The half-breed uttered "yah-ugh!" and listened.

"The piping of the devil, leastwise the singin' of a tode," soliloquized the scout; and then turning to Dicky, he remarked:

"That crester's wind's amazin—an', what do yer call it?"

"The Phantom of the Black Hills," returned his companion. "And big clouds, heap storms—death come after, ugh!"

"No doubt, no doubt," assented Wertzal; "comes *arter*, in course. The toad has wind enough itself to make forty tornadoes."

A moment's lull, and then the cry again twisting away in unearthly echoes.

"I must go," said the half-breed; "my hoss must feed by the stream for a little—then I gettee back with the new day—find the trail."

Giving the borrowed steed of the officer into Wertzal's care to deliver in the morning, Dicky, gloomy and vengeful, strode away, leading his sweaty mare along to some spot where he knew the grass was sweet and plentiful.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SICKLY CHILDREN.—There are some medical enthusiasts in England who think perhaps it would be wise if all small or unhealthy children were suppressed when first born. A writer says had this been the practice in the past we should have had neither Voltaire, Victor Hugo, Gœthe, nor Sir Isaac Newton. The last might have been put in a quart pot when born, Voltaire was too small to christen for some days, and Hugo and Gœthe were not expected to live.

☞ An inquisitive young man visited the State Prison, and among other questions asked a girl the cause of her being in such a place. Her answer was, that she "stole a saw-mill, and went back after the pond and was arrested." The young man left immediately.

THE CHILTON ESTATE;

OR,

Close Play for a Fortune.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BETT WINWOOD,

AUTHOR OF "A BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MURDER.

Roland did not answer. The blood in his veins seemed slowly turning into ice.

"Lamont!" called the same voice again, this time impatiently.

Still no answer. The drugged man sleeping in the chair by the table would scarcely have heard an earthquake.

"Lamont," cried the voice a third time, "is all ready?"

With the last word the door was pushed violently open. Roland raised his head just above the bed, and saw two dark figures rush into the room.

"Hilloa!" said one. "What's the matter? The light is out."

"So much the better," said the second figure. "But where is Lamont?"

Roland could not mistake that voice, though it was by no means a very familiar one. It belonged to Mr. Chilton. The first speaker must have been Reginald.

The whole plot flashed like lightning upon Roland's brain. It *was* Reginald he had met in the Bowery that night. He, Reginald, had meant to kill him then, but had failed; he meant to kill him now!

Lamont had been used as an instrument to entice the would-be victim of these demons into the house, and drug him so that he could offer no opposition to their murderous designs!

It was a cowardly, hellish scheme. Roland's blood boiled when he thought of it. It was with difficulty that he controlled himself to listen further.

But he did control himself.

"What the devil do we care for Lamont?" he heard Reginald mutter. "He must have cleared out."

"Is *he* here—is Roland Trevor here?"

"Yes, and sleeping like a log. Don't you hear him breathe? Here he is in the chair by the table."

"Oh, yes. I see him now."

The two men drew nearer to Lamont, never once suspecting but it was their intended victim who reclined there so still and helpless. There was now no light in the room, but the faint starlight let in a dim, ghastly glow that redeemed it from utter darkness.

"The drug has done its work well," said Reginald, in a hoarse whisper.

"Yes, thanks to Lamont. He does not stir."

"Good. Here is the dagger. Strike quick."

Mr. Chilton seemed to recoil.

"This is your work, Reggy. This man is your enemy, not mine. It is you to whom he is trying to work mischief. It is your plans he will foil unless you do for him here and now."

"True," muttered Reginald with a fearful oath. "Give me the dagger, you quaking coward. *I'm* not afraid."

"Here it is, Reggy. Now be sure of your aim."

"Stop your noise. Put your hand over the wretch's mouth. There, hold it tightly."

Roland stood glaring into the dusk like one stupefied. The horror of the deed that was about to be done froze him to the spot, voiceless and motionless. He could see the two dark figures bending over Lamont in the chair, but it was as one sees a terrible vision in a dream.

Suddenly there came a heavy blow—a long, unearthly screech, smothered and low, but full of the most terrible agony, a quiver or two like the waves of the sea uprising after a tempest, and then all was still.

So still—so horribly still! Roland could hear his own heart beat. His breath ran icily cold over his lips. He tried to push out from behind the bed and confront the murderers, but could not stir.

At last Mr. Chilton spoke. "The deed is done. He doesn't stir. It is all over."

"Ugh!" shivered Reginald. "You cowardly villain, I would never have done this but for you."

"It had to be done. I don't see how we could help ourselves."

"Come away," cried Reginald, hoarsely. "Come away! I can't remain in the room with that thing!"

He shrank toward the door groaning and cursing. Mr. Chilton followed. Both men moved backward a step at a time. Neither villain could turn his back on that ghastly figure in the chair.

Roland could not see what they did, but he heard them fumbling with the lock. "Where's the key?" Reginald asked in a sullen voice.

"Here it is. What do you want with it, Reggy?"

"To lock *that* in!"

"Ha, ha," laughed Mr. Chilton, shrilly. "I hope you are not afraid of a dead man. Ghosts don't walk."

"I don't care a d—n! Turn the key, will you?"

The key clicked in the lock, and there came the soft echo of retreating footsteps.

Roland was locked in with the murdered man.

He hid his face in the drapery of the bed, thus shutting out the ghastly spectres that seemed to be gibbering at him from every corner. A sort of stupor must have fallen upon him. A full half hour went by before he stirred again.

The thought of Claudia aroused him with a start. Shaking off the spell that was upon him, he faced the horrors of that room, and darted to the door.

It was fast locked, as the murderers had left it. He tugged at it frantically. It would not yield. He planted his shoulders against it for a last desperate effort.

At that instant the rustling of a woman's drapery became audible in the passage. Somebody paused before the door and quickly unlocked it.

"Is it you, Hetty?" said a sweet voice, in a whisper. "Do you want to come out? My poor child, why have those wretches locked you in again?"

As the door swung slowly open, Roland caught a glimpse of a tall, gaunt figure draped in white standing on the threshold.

It was Jane Burke.

"Good Lord, cried the crazy woman, drawing back. "It's a man. It isn't my Hetty at all!"

She would have screamed, but Roland sprang forward and pressed his hand tightly over her mouth.

"Hush!" he said, in a stern whisper. "Don't make a loud noise. Are you Hetty's friend? Nod your head if you are."

The woman nodded.

"Good. I, too, am her friend, if she is the person I take her to be. Don't be afraid of me, I am your friend, also."

He released her as he spoke. She stood and stared at him, trying hard to penetrate the darkness with her bleared and faded eyes. But she made no effort to escape.

"Is the Hetty whom you thought to meet here, Claudia Chilton's friend?" Roland demanded.

Jane Burke answered,

"She is."

"I thought so."

He remembered that Gerald Raymond had made mention of a second young lady. He could not doubt but that this Hetty was the very person.

"Give me your hand," he went on. "If I mistake not, you and I are here upon the same mission—to succor Claudia and Hetty. Is it not so?"

"Poor Hetty," muttered Jane Burke. "Poor child!" Then she burst into a low laugh. "A princess in disguise! How odd that she should have found her way here. But I'll never tell what I know about her—no, never."

A sudden exclamation broke from Roland's lips. He began to comprehend that the strange woman who had let him out so opportunely, was a mad woman.

"Will you not tell me all about Hetty?" he asked, soothingly.

"No, no," drawing back. "You'd go straight to *him* with the news, and then he'd kill her. No, no! He suspects already—and that's why he shut me up. He mustn't learn more. Hetty? Ha, ha? What do you mean? Hetty died when she was a child. She was drowned—*drowned*, do you hear?"

"Oh, yes. Never mind. You and I will go and find Claudia. Shall we?"

The mad woman began to laugh.

"Claudia? Yes, I think we had better. Who knows what those devils are plotting against her? They will kill her too! Yes, come quickly. We must save her."

She turned with feverish eagerness, and began to walk rapidly along the passage. Roland grew frightened as he noticed her eagerness. He feared that he had committed a great error in speaking to her in the manner he had done. She might ruin everything.

Nevertheless, he followed her. The impulse was strong upon him, and he yielded to it.

They reached a sharp angle in the passage. Some distance before them, a broad stream of light cut the darkness. They heard the sound of voices—and one voice said, in the shrill accents of despair,

"You have no mercy. But my trust is in God. Now, villains, do your worst."

CHAPTER XXIX.

RETRIBUTION.

Roland knew that voice. It was Claudia's.

He drew his pistol, and then made a great bound for the apartment from which it proceeded.

He witnessed a strange scene. Mr. Chilton and Reginald stood near the door. A fat, sensual-looking priest leaned against the wall just behind them, surveying the persons grouped before him after a very nonchalant fashion, as if he had but little interest in any of them.

Mrs. Chilton stood near, white and still as a statue. And just beyond her, Claudia and Hetty were crouching in each other's arms, pale as twin water-lilies, but very calm.

One glance around, and the presence of the priest was amply sufficient to tell Roland the nature of the scene before him. A shrill cry of indignation escaped his lips, and he sprang forward, across the threshold.

Claudia heard his step, and looked up. Their eyes met. For one moment she glared at him like some startled fawn, in wild, incredulous amaze. Then, with a scream of frantic joy, she rushed into his arms.

"Oh, Roland! It is—it *is* my Roland!"

They clung to each other in an ecstasy of rapture. But only for a moment. Then Roland pushed off the clinging arms and turned to confront the men who sought his life.

Mr. Chilton and Reginald were glaring at him with faces ghastly as death. They stood quaking and speechless. Was it the ghost of their victim they saw before them?

"You may well tremble, villains!" cried Roland, in a terrible voice. "I still live and—to foil you!"

Father and son looked at each other. The same word dropped from the lips of both.

"Lamont!"

Then Mr. Chilton added, with a shriek of rage:

"It was Lamont you killed!"

He sprang forward a few steps, and gathered himself as if for a struggle. But his arms fell powerless; some sudden fear seemed to daunt him.

A pistol cocked sharply behind him. "Stand aside," said Reginald, hoarsely. "That wretch has sealed his doom by coming here. This time I will make sure of him."

There was a flash and a loud report. Mr. Chilton flung up his arms with a wild scream of pain and anguish.

"Oh, my God! You have killed me, Reggy!"

He staggered, lurching forward, and fell heavily to the floor.

Jane Burke had struck aside Reginald's arm with a mad woman's ready cunning, just at the instant when he pulled the trigger, the muzzle of his pistol at that moment covering Roland's heart.

Thus, the ball intended for the latter person, being turned from its original aim, lodged in Mr. Chilton's brain.

Reginald flung the weapon from him, uttering a fierce howl of rage and grief when he saw what he had done.

"Oh, my father!" he gasped, and dropped on his knees, covering the wounded man's face with kisses and tears. "Oh, my father, have I really killed you? It can't be—it mustn't be. Tell me—oh, tell me you are not fatally hurt."

He ended with a maniacal scream. Mr. Chilton sighed and groaned, and slowly gathered breath.

"I'm dying!" he gasped.

Reginald clung to him with face of horror. "Don't, don't!" he entreated. "You will drive me mad. A parricide! Oh, mercy, mercy!"

Mrs. Chilton staggered toward the two and dropped on the floor beside them. Her lips were parched, and her eyes looked wild and burning.

"Oh, my husband!" she moaned, faintly. "Oh, my son!"

It was a terrible scene. So are God's retributions all terrible.

Reginald wept and cursed and raved. His anguish and remorse were heart-rending. He seemed to have forgotten everything save that poor crushed figure in his arms.

The dying man moved and moaned. He put up his white trembling lips, and a sudden flash of piteous entreaty came into his face.

"I'm going, Reggy," he said, faintly. "Let me tell all! Oh, what a guilty sinner I have been! I *must* tell all before I die. Say that I may, Reggy—for God's sake, don't oppose me."

"I will not," whispered Reginald, hoarsely. "Tell anything—everything."

There was a silence in the room—such a deep silence that the moans of the dying wretch might have been counted.

He seemed to struggle with himself. But the damps of death were gathering on his forehead and he knew it. At last he signed for Claudia to come nearer.

She advanced, leaning upon Roland's arm.

"Forgive me," pleaded the sufferer, holding out his hand to her, "your riches tempted me or I would have treated you better. I wanted your money. Ruin was staring me in the face, and I felt that I must have it. My first plan was to marry you, to my son and in that way get full control of your property. If that plan had failed I fear we should have resorted to another far more desperate. As God hears me, I regret it all. Oh, forgive, forgive!"

Claudia felt herself shaking from head to foot. She could only murmur almost inaudibly:

"I do forgive you everything."

He heaved a deep sigh. Another silence followed. Then it was Hetty for whom he called.

"I have something to say to you," he murmured. "You are Claudia's own sister, and the eldest born. I did not know this when you first came here, but your singular resemblance to Claudia excited my suspicions. I was not long in satisfying myself of the truth. That is why I have kept you here all this while."

He paused to gather breath, but presently went on:

"Your father was always fortunate in his dealings with the world. When you were a babe, even then he was a rich man, and I coveted his wealth. I hated you because I thought your little life stood between me and the wealth I coveted. If you died he was likely to make me his heir.

"Well, you did die, at least I thought you were dead, and so did he. That woman, yonder, Jane Burke, was your nurse. You were out on the water with her one day. The boat upset—I had hired her to do this, for it was not an accident, and you were believed to be drowned. A body dressed in your clothes was discovered a few days afterwards, but swollen and discolored past recognition.

"I now know that Jane Burke outwitted me. She had a lurking regard for you, and so hid you away, and put another body in the river—the one that was buried under your name.

"But the horror of the whole affair must have unsettled her brain, for she soon went raving mad, and, I am sure, forgot entirely with whom she had placed you, and could never afterward find you.

"Claudia was born in the course of a few months. Here was another obstacle between me and the wealth I coveted. But I never dared meddle with her life while my brother lived. I am sure he would have suspected me.

"Now you know all. Do you, too, forgive the life-long wrong I have inflicted upon you?"

"Freely," answered Hetty.

She could not keep back her forgiveness. She forgot everything but the sufferer's anguish and despair. She was all woman, and so all mercy.

It must not be supposed that Eustace Chilton had spoken the words exactly as they are set down here. That would have been an impossibility. They fell from his lips in clauses and broken fragments, such as are usually wrung from men suffering mortal agony. It took him a long time to make his confession. But, at last, it was over.

With a last dying effort he suddenly gathered his flickering strength, and throwing up his arms, cried piteously:

"Reggy, and you, dear wife, repent! Be warned in time. Repent!"

His arms dropped again to his sides and a death-like rigidness settled upon his face.

"Merciful God, forgive, forgive——"

That dying prayer was never finished. The words ceased in a long, gasping sigh; he closed his eyes and so died.

There was a brief silence in the room. Then Reginald rose slowly with an awful look in his burning black eyes.

"It is all over," he said between his teeth, pointing down at the dead body of his father. "Roland Trevor, you made me kill him. Oh, curse you, curse you!"

He advanced a few steps. I do not know what he meant to do. But before he had made a movement that could betray his purpose, flying steps came up the staircase and along the passage, and a man rushed into the apartment.

It was one of the gate keepers.

"We are surrounded," he shouted, without waiting to look about him. "A dozen men have forced their way in at the gate. They will enter the house in another moment!"

Roland uttered an exclamation of joy. It was Gerald Raymond who had arrived so opportunely, he felt assured. Gerald had grown too impatient to await the result of that night's venture on Roland's part, and had hurried forward to learn the truth for himself.

When Reginald heard these words he stood glaring around like some wild animal at bay for a moment. His last hope was cut off, and he knew it. Howling furiously, he made a sudden bound for the door, and precipitately fled.

Five minutes later Gerald Raymond entered the room with his little party of faithful followers.

CHAPTER XXX.

CONCLUSION.

Our story is told. Why need we linger over anything that follows?

After the funeral of her husband, Mrs. Chilton was permitted to go away unmolested. Conscience was her surest accuser, and in the days to come was certain to punish her enough, even though no other judgment overtook her.

She went to Europe—probably to join her son. They were seen once by a party of American travelers among the Swiss Alps. Then they disappeared. Since that occasion nothing has ever been known of them.

Reginald's fate, at least, is not hard to conjecture. Bold, passionate, unscrupulous, after a brief time of skulking, he will probably emerge into the world again under a new name and in fresh scenes, and figure in some deed of cruelty or rascality that shall set all the tongues of Christendom wagging.

But God's judgment will overtake him at last, and he will feel the mighty hand of Him who said, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," laid in wrath upon him.

Give him your prayers and your tears in that hour, for he will have need of both.

James Chilton was still lingering in New York. Of course, he was hastily summoned to Chilton Villa, were full explanations were made.

I leave my readers to imagine the rejoicing that took place on this occasion. The old man was like a child. He kissed and embraced Claudia and Hetty over and over again, almost incredulous of his own happiness.

"I was longing for some one of my own blood to love and fondle," he said. "That is one reason why I wished to take you away from my poor brother Eustace, Claudia. I distrusted him, however, and knew he was no fitting guardian for you. He has done me some very bitter wrongs in the years that are past. But I will not speak of that now. His death atones for all. We have all suffered, but God is very good. His ways are always best; and now He has given me two nieces to love, where I only expected one."

He had not a doubt of Hetty's relationship. Her face, so like Claudia's, must have dispelled it, if some lurking distrust had remained.

Jane Burke did not live very long. But she called Hetty "her child" to the last. She seemed to realize that Hetty had been restored to her rights, and to rejoice in this fact.

Claudia married Roland. She is now happy in the affection of a beloved and noble-hearted husband.

Gerald Raymond's admiration for Hetty deepened into true and abiding love as their acquaintance progressed. His affection was reciprocated, and a second wedding soon came about.

And so we take leave of these, our sometime friends, while all is brightness and peace and beauty about their pathways. Very few dark clouds can ever again obscure their happy skies, for God makes eternal summer for those who love and trust Him.

THE END.

☞ A Frenchman lately recovered $2,000 from some friends who cut off his moustache in a drunken escapade.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

BY ALFRED DOMMETT.

It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars—
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

'Twas in the calm and silent night!
The senator of haughty Rome,
Impatient, urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home;
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago?

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable-door
Across his path. He passed—for naught
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars, his only thought—
The air how calm, and cold, and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

O, strange indifference! low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still—but knew not why—
The world was listening, unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever!
To that still moment, none would heed,
Man's doom was linked no more to sever—
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night,
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness—charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

A NIGHT OF PERIL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

I was young and unmarried, and possessed of considerable means.

My parents were both dead, and as I was their only child, the fine old name and the unentailed possessions of the Livingstones descended to me. The bulk of this inheritance—the monetary part I mean—consisted of an enormous sugar and cotton plantation, lying on the Mississippi river. I had been reared with full instructions as to the best method of producing the largest amount of the "staple king" with the least expense, and had so far succeeded so well that I was reputed by my older neighbors around to be rapidly making a fortune.

This much was true—I had more than enough for all the wants of this life—so much more that like the fool I was, I considered myself entirely justifiable in recklessly throwing away at times what other men might have regarded as a comfortable competency.

I lived well but unostentatiously on my estate for three-fourths of the year, and for a young man of twenty-six, I considered that walking about as well in the rigid path of duty that my father had pointed out to me, as human nature could expect.

I waited patiently through seed-time and harvest, watching the labor of my hands with unswerving zeal, but when the Winter came on with its usual unavoidable days of idleness and dreaming by the fire, my young blood grew restless and impatient. The great world, with its illusory fascinations, drew me from my retreat as by some potent mesmeric spell, and I yielded, perhaps unresistingly, to its influence.

I had baled a goodly crop of cotton on my estate, shipped it to my commission merchant in New Orleans, and was ready packed to start on my annual visit to the crescent city the next morning, when the idea came to me that I must see Angela Dumont, the pretty daughter of my nearest neighbor, once more before I set out.

I had been visiting at Mr. Dumont's quite regularly for a year or more, and had felt powerfully attracted toward "the dearest girl in the world," but I don't know that I had become quite desperate enough just yet to stand the chances of rejection with many other of her suitors, rather than remain in the dreamily pleasant uncertainty of a partial understanding. Sometimes I rather fancied she liked me; but then, even in my initiatory stage of existence, I had seen too many "Cressids" to feel exactly sure of my footing, and it was not without a pang of regret that I rode up to the house, thinking I should not see her again for some months perhaps, and that in that time she might learn to forget me, for Angela was only eighteen.

She came down to see me—a second Red Riding Hood—in her dress of richest black silk and jaunty little crimson velvet jacket, and I thought if I could just take her in my arms right then and there, and know that she was mine for life, I should be the happiest man in all this broad continent; but I contented myself with kissing her little hand, a proceeding that made her velvety cheeks almost as red as her jacket for the moment, and sat down at her side.

I thought I saw her turn pale when I told her of my approaching departure; but somehow the words of regret I would fain have uttered stuck in my throat, and the evening passed eventlessly away, until I looked at my watch and found it time for me to be returning home.

I lingered over the good-night, but nothing came of it. Angela wished me a happy visit in such a clear, natural tone, that I stifled a sigh in thinking how foolish I had been to suppose she had cared for me, and half crushing her hand in my own, I passed out under the starlight to the gate.

As I was preparing to mount my horse, I remembered that I had left a jewelled card-case on the centre-table in her parlor, and as it was a toy I might need in the gay city to which I was going, I concluded to return for it.

I stepped quickly back under the frowning arch of the portico and into the lighted hall. The parlor door was closed, but I supposed Angela had shut it in coming out to go to her room, so I turned the knob very softly and moved across the carpet to the table. I was startled by a stifling sob, and looking quickly around I beheld Angela kneeling by the crimson ottoman we had occupied, in an agony of tears, *with my card case pressed to her lips.*

She uttered a cry of horror on beholding me, sprang like a frightened deer to her feet, and was rushing from the room, when I caught her in my arms, and she fell fainting upon my breast.

Her complexion, through whose pure and transparent whiteness the warm current of life had wandered so gently yet so blushingly an hour before—softly undulating, like young rose leaves which a zephyr just stirs into trembling—was now blanched with an alarming pallor. My kisses brought the faded color back to her lips and cheeks; and as I pressed her to my wildly-beating heart I fancied that hers was throbbing with the intensity of kindred sympathy. Yet there was nothing of alarm as I held her thus. I would scarcely, if I could, have recalled her to entire consciousness just then. The supreme bliss of that moment was worth living, aye, worth *dying* for. I was unmindful of all things but that dear face, so close to my own. She loved me, and the thought wrought a great ecstacy in my soul. Wild, broken, passionate words fell rhapsodically from my lips. I was as incoherent as a madman until I felt the silken fringe of her heavenly eyes trembling against my cheek. Then for one breathing moment I held her thus, in a silence more vocal than poet's song. There was no longer a "great hollowness" beneath the heavens. It seemed to me that the universe had been created expressly for us, and that our joy could fill it.

But Angela was reviving. She lifted her eyes to mine, the blood rushed back to her cheeks, and she shrank from my embrace. I threw myself at her feet and besought her not to leave me. I poured forth an impetuous torrent of protestations. I told her how I had loved her for months past with a devotion that could find no utterance in language, and by degrees she listened to me with greater composure. I told her that I should return in a few days from New Orleans, and begged her to name a day for our union. At this she colored again, more deeply than before, and withdrew her hand from mine.

"Darrill," she faltered. "We will talk of that hereafter. My father would object; *nor could I think of marrying you until you reform.*"

I staggered back in astonishment and indignation. If I spent more than was quite necessary for wine during my sojourn in the city, I had never been drunk enough to stagger up a street or to fall in a gutter but once in my life, and that was years ago. In truth, I had looked upon myself as rather a model young man for the days I lived in.

"Reform, Angela!" I cried. "Some base rival has dared to slander me to you. Darrill Livingstone's *pride* would save him from the degradation of drunkenness, if he had no love in his bosom for an *angel*, of whom the rigid exercise of every virtue could never render him worthy; who has dared——"

"Hush!" she said, with a heavenly smile, "I will trust you still, Darrill, for I love you with my whole heart. Drunkenness is not the besetting sin of which you are accused. We are told that while you remain in the city during the winter, you are constantly drawn into gambling hells, where you wickedly throw away all the proceeds for which you have worked during the year.

"It is false!" I exclaimed, "utterly false. I don't pretend to be more correct than other men of my age, Angela—not half so good as your influence will make me in the future. So I can't say that I have lived in New Orleans—the gayest city, except Paris, in the world—where every vice is made to assume the garb of virtue and of fashion, and gone entirely free from their influence, through the trying ordeal of citizenship. But as I hope to win your love, I think I have come back with as few of their defilements clinging to me as any man I have ever known. I will give any one permission to investigate my financial condition, as it was when I came into possession of my father's estate; and comparing it with my present prospects, to see whether I have spent one-fourth of my yearly income or not. I am sure you believe me, Angela?"

"Yes, Darrill," she answered, softly. "*I* can never believe you would tell me an untruth. You will go to-morrow, and on your return you can talk to my father with the conviction that honesty always imparts. Only promise me that you will not *touch* a card while you are away, for my relations had rather see me married to a common horse jockey than a *gambler*."

"I don't wonder at it," I said, honestly. "But I must have fallen into low repute indeed to be so esteemed. Do not bind me, Angela, by any promise; for a Livingstone has yet to break his plighted word; wait and see what your love can do for me." And I bade her good-night.

Early the next morning I started for New Orleans, and reached the city just after midday.

I called on my commission merchant, and he placed ten thousand dollars in my hands as the price of my cotton crop. I was much pleased with the result of the sale, and sauntered back to the St. Charles Hotel in high good-humor with myself and the rest of the world.

I thought of going around and depositing the money in bank at once, but I was in a dreamy state of irresolution, half-determined to go back home the next day, as the heart of the city seemed a solitude to me now without Angela; and so waited until banking hours were over. Then I roamed out again, still with the money in my pockets, and returning about sunset, stood on the steps of the St. Charles watching the gay passers hurrying to and fro, and thinking after all how inferior the prettiest of the women were to my little darling up at home.

Presently the darkness came on, and a strange depression seized me. I went up to my room, lit the gas, and tried a new book, but could not read.

"It's cursedly lonesome to be here without a friend in the world," I muttered. "Time drags so heavily. I'm in no humor for shows," and I got up and paced the room.

Up to that hour I had honestly had no idea of the terrible fascination *gaming* possessed for me. I thought of Montalembert's palatial saloon but a few blocks off, and the remembrance sent my fiery blood tingling through my veins.

I was bound by no promise, and perhaps when I visited New Orleans again Angela would be with me, and I should have turned my back on such haunts forever. Better wine and supper could be had there, too, than even at the splendid hotel at which I was stopping; so I could go in, bet enough to pay liberally for that, as I shouldn't like to have the smiling dealer satirically bid me "call again when I came to town," and after losing ten dollars or so return to my rooms.

I had in truth always had a pretty good run of luck, and had never come out any considerable loser in my life, hence I had been quite honest in resenting the light in which Angela had been taught to look upon my habits. So you will see I was disposed to regard gambling as a vice only in proportion to the pecuniary losses involved by myself. I did not think of the vitiated *moral* sense that was creeping over me, nor of the indifference that must follow its indulgence to the sufferings of *others*.

When I entered the saloon it was past eleven o'clock, and, a rather uncommon occurrence, but few betters sat around the table. I took a seat and threw over a twenty-dollar note.

The exquisitely-dressed dealer was shuffling the cards with the wonderful precision of a professional-gamester. He glanced quickly up with a smile, however, bowed, and passed me over the required amount of checks.

I placed them at various points upon the table, scattering them in seemingly whimsical trains; and the first turning of the cards showed me to be the winner. The checks continued to multiply—and the dealer still smiled as he paid them again and again. And at last I paused to draw breath.

"It is a call," I said, at length, when I had finished counting. "I have run up the stock, in my eager delight in the game, to five hundred dollars. I do not care to carry your money away with me. Suppose I let you fight it on the last call?"

"Just as you will, Colonel."

I may remark (in parenthesis) that the dealer called every one who betted there, "Colonel."

"Then I'll call: Ace, nine."

Two of the three cards left in the box were drawn out, ace first and nine afterward.

"By Heavens!" I cried, springing up in the intensity of my excitement. "That's just eight for one—nearly five thousand dollars. I came here, Montalembert, courteously disposed to cast a mite into the great Maelstrom, that is popularly supposed to swallow up every one's surplus funds—if indeed it does not take them body and soul, down to the depths of—we wont say what; and lo, the ravenous monster is casting up her jewels at my feet."

The dealer reshuffled his cards with an emphatic phiz, as though he were punishing them for some fearful delinquency.

Montalembert thought that every one who played against his faro-bank might be sure of winning. It should have been called a "charitable institution" for a week past, from the way things had been going.

The cards were again in the box however, and the game went on.

On into the "wee sma' hours" of the night—the bystanders eager intense, absorbed, and nothing to be heard but the click and thump of the checks on the board.

As the results of the long game fluctuated, I felt that my own face was changing in appearance, like those around me. The muscles about my mouth were growing rigid, and I knew that my eyes had caught the fire of those in the dark, bilious face before me.

I cared, I know, as little as any man ever did for the money I was winning: and yet my hand trembled as though it were the means of reprieve from death, when I drew in my immense gains from the winning card. The next moment, however, fortune would reverse, and a sarcastic smile stole over the dealer's face as he softly and apologetically took down his own spoils. Then my own face would darken and my teeth gnash in spite of me. It was a terrible sight; for the lookers-on seemed fully to participate in the gambler's excitement.

The game had been very high, and I was still winning. Those who had shared in it earlier had drawn out, and were looking on. Now, however, a man named Blakeman—a professional gambler—many supposed a silent partner of Montalembert, came forward and took me in hand.

I had not exactly computed my gains, but I knew that I had nearly twenty thousand dollars before me.

As Blakeman betted I placed several columns of large blue checks upon a single card. The former paused and made a motion to draw. I had my own eyes fixed upon the table, yet I distinctly saw Montalembert lean toward the man who stood opposite to me, and his polite, gentlemanly countenance suddenly became overcast with a devil's scowl, while a whispered "Take down, by G—," coupled with a low, hissing oath, distinctly reached my ear.

It was too late, however. The card was drawn out, and the bank had won.

Montalembert was occupying his old position at a proper distance, as though he had never been guilty of the vulgarity of excitement in all his life. A smile a little different from his usual half sneer, and which he was in vain trying to repress, stole over Blakeman's dark face. He knew better what to do than his usually astute prompter.

The blood was boiling in my veins. No drunken man was ever more frenzied. With a sudden oath I sprang to my feet and threw on another card my entire winnings—a larger amount than what I had just lost.

Blakeman cast a stealthy glance toward the princely proprietor. A slight but quite perceptible nod was the answer.

The dealer turned once—twice. Montalembert looked supremely comfortable. Bonhommie beamed from his benignant countenance. I bent my eyes upon the cards with a scrutiny that must have warned the dealer there could have been no tampering with me then. I think now—and I swear it was not from a mere love of the money—I should have drawn a pistol and blown my brains out on the spot if I had lost, so fiercely, terribly intense was my desire to triumph.

The third turn came.

I had won.

A round sum of twenty five thousand dollars—more than double the amount that I had made by a whole year of hard labor.

But did I reflect that another man had worked for perhaps treble the time I had thought of, and had lost it all?

Oh, sublimated selfishness of human nature!

Blakeman staggered to his feet and clutched convulsively at his heart for one moment. At first I felt sure it must be to stifle a fierce spasm of pain; but the next moment he drew forth a jewelled case, and touching a secret spring, placed upon the table a gorgeous cluster of diamonds, necklace, brooch and ear-rings, that must have been worth fifty thousand dollars.

"I stake them against the sum you have won," he murmured hoarsely, while he glared malignantly at me.

"Done!" I cried, returning the money to the board. "I will give you this last chance, and I must go. I shall have to take to the dissipations of life by degrees. I am only from the country to-day, and the lateness of the night and the excitement are telling on me fearfully. So the diamonds are at stake?"

"Yes."

The click of the checks went on. The draw, one, two, and the diamonds were mine.

Heavens, what a princely bridal present for Angela! None of the toil of years for this! No reckless expenditure of that which had brought gray hairs and weariness of spirit to my ancestors! Fifty thousand dollars on the turning of a card.

I stretched forth my hand to take up the glittering baubles. Angela's eyes would grow almost as bright as these costly gems, at sight of them. Not one thought of those that would be dimmed with tears at so great a loss, marred the delight I felt at so sudden and splendid an acquisition of fortune.

"D—n you! Let them alone!" hissed Blakeman, fiercely, half drawing a pistol. "No man living shall have them. My wife [illegible] mad."

"Have you taken the start of her?" said Montalembert, angrily, but with deliberate emphasis, while he laid his hand heavily on Blakeman's shoulder. "It was a fair stake, explicitly made, and you know the rules of this house. They are as inviolable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. The gentleman must have the jewels."

Blakeman's breath came heavy and hard, like that of a man in severe pain, but his hands dropped to his side as though he had been paralyzed.

"I know that every law of honor will decide them to be yours. I should unhesitatingly have taken your money had I won it. But Darrill Livingstone, I warn you now, you were never in so great danger in your life as you will be when you leave this house with those diamonds in your possession."

"A Livingstone has yet to know an impulse of fear," I rejoined haughtily, while I labored to keep back the angry flush that mounted to my brow. "But to prove to you that they are equally removed from the avarice of the miser, or the greed of the gambler, I shall make, perhaps, a novel proposition to you. The bank refuses to lend you more money. I will stake what I have won against your diamonds for the second time. If you win even now, with nothing at stake, you shall have back the jewels. If I am successful, they will be simply my own, as they already are. I have nothing to gain, as you see, but stand every chance of losing fifty thousand dollars. Shall we take our seats?"

I believe the bystanders thought me mad. I was astonished at myself, but I made the offer deliberately and was determined to abide by it.

"For shame, Blakeman!" some one cried. "The Livingstone generosity is princely, but insulting to the divinity of good luck. A game is never won twice. What can you offer in return, if he loses?"

"Nothing," answered the man doggedly

"And I expect nothing!" I exclaimed, as I turned to a waiter and tossed off my sixth glass of *Vin de Bordeaux*. "So let us make the venture at once, for I am quite overcome with weariness."

I myself had grown suddenly quite passive, but never in bull fight, horse race, or any other contingent hazard, have I seen as much interest as was manifested by every looker-on here. Respiration itself seemed suspended for the time. Every one felt assured that Blakeman would be victorious now. I had heard various epithets about me as I took my seat. "What a fool!" "He is assuredly drunk or mad," and the like. But I fancied myself as collected as I ever was in my life. I uttered an irrepressible yawn during the turning of the cards.

"*Mille tonnerres.*" The exclamation came from Montalembert.

I had won again.

"By heavens, Livingstone, you ought to be alarmed. Doesn't that wine taste of gold? You must be a second Midas. But a word, *mon ami*, if you bore with you the secret of perpetual life you would not be in greater danger than you will be with those diamonds about your person. I will bear you company back to your hotel if you wish."

The suggestion came from a valued friend, but I was a little offended.

"Thank you, Maurice," I returned, coldly. "The man who cannot protect his own life deserves to lose it. I shall feel no apprehensions, I think."

I took up the beautiful casket, closed it, saw that it was secure, and buttoned it in my bosom. Then bowing with a satirical smile to Blakeman, who had indeed the look of a tiger about to spring upon an adversary that had worried him to the last degree of frenzy, I passed from the brilliantly-lighted saloon, and down into the street.

The fresh night breeze kissed my cheek with a hushed and holy tenderness that smote me tenderly, and yet like the reproach of a guilty conscience. I was sure I had committed a crime, but I could not think what.

My quick fancy was more than ordinarily disturbed; and in the mists that floated about me I traced the shadowy outlines of a dozen forms like Angela's, while the dampness seemed a mist of tears, shed, somehow, in sorrow for me.

I sprang into the cab with a shiver as of cold, and with the briefest of orders sank back among the cushions. If I had been entirely collected I might have seen an agile form spring hastily up beside the driver; might have heard a whispered consultation, and grown suspicious of the duration of my drive, but visions of Angela arrayed in diamonds floated through my brain; and then—I think I must have begun to doze; when the cabman's hand upon my arm aroused me to a partial consciousness.

"Home, sir."

I made a feeble effort to get out; but it seemed to me that every particle of energy had deserted me.

"Help me," I said, "I am as numb as the dead."

The man took hold of me with a tenacity that would have been an instant warning to a sober man; and my head thumping against the door as I got out crushed my hat down over my eyes.

"Number 16," I muttered. "Take me up."

I was "taken" in good earnest; for hands were clasped about both of my arms, and I was lifted up steps and over the threshold with remarkable velocity.

"Don't hold me so tight. I—"

I was measuring my length upon the floor when I next looked up; a knee was on my breast, and a glittering blade at my throat.

Blakeman's eyes flashed corruscations of fire down upon me. I was a man of noted physical power, and though taken at such a disadvantage I believed that with a single powerful exertion I might reverse positions.

"Ha! ha! The hemp of the Philistines was nothing to this with which you are bound," he hissed with devilish exultation. "And, Samson though you be, you shall not escape me. If you had not been a drunken fool you might have felt me passing the straps over you, but no forethought could have saved you."

"Knave!" I cried, "your cowardly life shall answer for this. Unhand me instantly."

"When I am done with you," he answered between his set teeth. "You had a devil's luck to-night, and hating you worse than the devil, I mean to take back what you won from me and then murder you. Where are the diamonds? I cannot find them."

"If they were henbane I would swallow them sooner than you should have them again," I exclaimed, still struggling ineffectually.

"And my knife should arrest them in your throat, though you took them at a single gulp," he returned, with a smile of fiendish triumph. "I warned you of what you might expect, and I never break my word. Where is the casket? I will find them, though I ground you to mince-meat in doing so."

"They are safe at my hotel ere now," I said, deliberately. "I slipped the case into the hands of Eugene Maurice as I left Montalembert's."

"You lie!" he howled, though a momentary look of fear overspread his dark face. "And though you offered me the ransom of a king, you should die with the lie upon your lips. What is easier than for a man like you to be lost in this great city?"

"To have you locked for twenty years in a state prison," I exclaimed in a loud tone.

I don't know for the life of me how I came to say I had given the casket to Eugene Maurice, when I expected him to draw it the next moment from my pocket. It was the first lie I had ever told in my life, and I can only suppose that the evil one who had had possession of me all the evening must have suggested it. I was not even now afraid of the villain who had me so completely in his power, though if ever I saw destruction and madness in a human face it was in his.

"Do you believe I intend to kill you?"

"Yes."

"I want you to see the diamonds in my hands before you die."

Suddenly I saw a whiteness, like the terror of death, overspread his face. He had reached my last pocket, and the casket was indeed nowhere to be found. My surprise was even greater than his own; and though I believed in bitter truth that he would kill me in the frenzy of his disappointment, I could not help experiencing a feeling of exultation at his chagrin.

"Where are the diamonds?" he cried. "Tell me at once, or you shall die by the cruelest of tortures."

"I will not tell you."

He uttered a yell and clutched his fingers about my throat, until a shower of stars seemed falling about me. Bound as I was, I looked at the frenzied demon before me and considered my life so hopelessly lost that I should never have thought of uttering a single expostulation or entreaty. I had closed my eyes, my lips breathing a hurried but fervent "Lord have mercy upon me, a miserable sinner," when a loud noise was heard outside the door, now barred behind us, and quick, strong blows fell upon the panel.

"Livingstone," cried a voice that sounded familiar, "where are you? Speak, if you are within hearing."

"Help! help!" I shrieked out, with all the energy of desperation. "Help, or I shall be murdered!"

Blakeman had desisted for a moment when startled by the first shock of the noise without. But ere the cry had quite died away upon my lips, his fingers were again at my throat.

"Look back at the door if you will," he hissed. "That oaken barricade will keep them off until I have had time to kill you. Where are the diamonds?"

"I will not tell you."

"They are officers of justice without, d—n them! Now it is easy enough for me to escape before they could force an entrance here; but I must and will have the jewels your devilish luck put you in possession of to-night. I give you one chance for your life—though you ought not to be suffered to live. Give me the casket without a moment's delay—I only want what is mine—and I will go out at the rear and escape them easily; though I shall have to leave New Orleans forever, you whelp; and you can lie here and screech to your heart's content, until some one comes to release you. If you keep me in suspense an instant longer, I will strangle you to death, though those people without should kill me an hour after. Will you purchase your life so easily! Speak at once, or by the Lord you are a dead man."

I struggled to lift myself, though ever so little, from my recumbent position; but he held me down with with a madman's strength—a strength against which I felt that I would be inadequate to cope, even with unshackled limbs—and glared at me with the wild ferocity of insanity. I had done all—perhaps even more than my manhood required; and I grasped eagerly, for the first time, at the prospect of life. If I continued obstinate, I clearly saw that I had but a few moments to live; and then the recovery of the jewels and the money I had about me would inevitably follow. On the other hand, I had the considerable sum of thirty-nine thousand dollars, in hard cash, upon my person; of which it seemed no part of this singular monomaniac's design to gain possession; and by giving up the diamonds I might be permitted to go unharmed, and likewise retain the nice little fortune in money that I had won.

"Hold!" I cried, as his hands were again starting for my throat. "If I give you back your accursed diamonds, will you swear to leave me here unharmed?"

"After I have relieved you also of the money the foul fiend aided you to gain this evening. Do you think it would be *human nature*, when I have you under my foot to let you go with that?"

"So you mean to rob me of my money, too?" I could not help saying.

"It is all mine. You are mine. You. You have the spell of an enchanter about you. Where have you spirited them? I'll swear they are not on your person."

"There is a side-pocket in my coat," I answered. "Assist me to rise, and I will point it out to you."

He dragged me into a sitting posture, with incredible speed.

"Where?" he cried. "Be quick. You see they are trying to force the door."

A sickening terror caused my heart to stand still. I had reopened the bosom of my coat, found the pocket, and saw, to my dismay, that it was empty.

"I have already been robbed," I faltered, "I put the casket and money in that pocket; and all is gone."

"You lie!" he howled with tigrous ferocity. "You are a wizard, and have wrought some of your infernal spells to defraud me of my purpose. Now say your prayers, for you are a dead man."

He hurled me back upon the floor, and brandished a glittering blade above my head. I had closed my eyes in the instant expectation of death, when a loud, stunning report broke the quiet of the moment, and a dead weight fell across my breast. I saw at once that the shot must have come from a third, invisible party, and I imagined that Blakeman had crouched down thus suddenly to escape the aim of a bullet. But a moment after I realized the whole truth.

The warm life's blood of this terrible desperado was gushing over me, and he lay writhing in the agonies of death.

The wound from my still unseen deliverer was effective and almost instantaneous, yet even with his expiring gasp I felt his fingers clutching at me as though he would rend the treasures he so worshipped from me, even then.

But a single groan escaped his lips. His hands relaxed their hold, and he rolled over upon the floor beside me, a corpse.

And what a corpse!

The face was turned toward me, and I saw stamped upon it, by the inevitable decree of God, the vices into which he had run riot in life, and which the corruption of the grave could alone remove.

Was the soul to be a mirror in the next world, to reflect them forever?

Again I cried out with a nervous horror, which I struggled in vain to repress:

"Help! in the name of Heaven, or I too shall be murdered."

At that moment the door fell in with a loud crash, and a number of men rushed in.

"Darrill Livingstone! In the name of God, how came you here?"

It was Eugene Maurice—brave, true Eugene, who had brought the men around him—they were an informal posse of police—to my rescue.

"How came *you* here?" I gasped. "How could you know?"

"I saw how you were leaving Montalembert's," he answered, spurning the now pulseless corpse at my side, "and knowing how many hundreds of less desperate men than the one who lies here would murder you for the treasure you bore with you, I followed you out. I saw Blakeman spring up with the driver of your cab, and instantly suspecting some devilish collusion, I jumped into another and followed you here. As fate would have it, you were immediately in front of the key hole; and looking through I saw the villain in the act of making way with you, and took the best aim at him I could. And it was accurate enough, as we see, for I have spared the hangman a job."

"How shall I ever repay you?" I cried.

"By being the man heaven designed you to be," he answered solemnly. "The death of this man may be the life of your soul; you will think of it when you grow calmer. Come, we will now take you back to your hotel."

I felt like a person stunned by a heavy blow as we went out, and indeed all during the drive.

I don't remember how we reached the St. Charles, or what was said. I have an indistinct recollection of sinking upon my bed, in the blessed hope of rest, and of being left alone.

The next day Eugene Maurice placed in my hands the casket of jewels, and the great roll of money I had lost. They had fallen on the floor of the carriage in which I had been driven, and which they had come up in time to seize.

I sold the diamonds, and settled the money securely upon Blakeman's widow and child. My other gains I bestowed upon the Orphan Asylum of the city.

On bended knees I confessed all to Angela, and was forgiven.

I have never touched a card since that night. And in every respect I trust I am a wiser and a better man.

☞ A Philadelphia girl has rid herself of an importunate lover by taking him Weston-like walks, which resulted in the heart disease and death of the unfortunate one. The lady is delighted with the success of the experiment, and has resolved to treat all her troublesome admirers in the same way. She has been known to walk forty-five miles without making a single stop.

☞ Old Equestrian—"Well, but you are not the boy I left my horse with!" Boy—"No, sir; I just speckilated, and bought 'im of t'other boy for six cents!"

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

BURNING OF BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—Barnum's Museum and Menagerie, in New York, was destroyed by fire on the 24th of December. The total loss is estimated at $1,000-000. Only two out of the large number of animals in the menagerie were saved. It is a little strange that four times within the last twenty-one years Barnum's Museums have been reduced to ashes and ruins. These four occasions include the destruction in 1851 of the museum at the southeast corner of Seventh and Chestnut in this city, founded by Barnum, but which, we believe, had passed into other ownership before that fire. Since then, and within the last seven years, three others have been burned down in New York, beginning with the famous establishment on the corner of Broadway and Ann street, where the New York Herald office and Park Bank now stand; the next was on Broadway, near Prince street; and the fourth is that here recorded. The loss in each instance has been heavy.

THE GREAT SNOW STORM.—The snow storm of December 25th and 26th was of a character to stir up the memories of the "oldest inhabitants." It will recall lively reminiscences of the ancient days, when the old-fashioned snow used to make noble sleighing, and when there were jolly "frolics" at the old "Lamb Tavern," the "Blue Bell," and other favorite hostelries, whenever the ground was well covered with a good coating of snow. This storm was widespread. It came to us from the southwest, snow having begun to fall at Washington and Baltimore about noon on Wednesday the 25th, reaching here about early bedtime Wednesday night. After getting this far it passed northward and eastward, reaching New York early Thursday morning, and passing along the Hudson and into New England. As usual with these phenomena, this storm moved *against* the prevailing wind, which was from the northward and northeastward. Along the Lake shores they appear to have had a snow storm separate from this of which we are speaking. The intensely "cold wave" has swept over New England; and now there appears to be a succeeding "wave" of rain, sleet and moist weather generally approaching from the west.

THE "CORRY" RAILWAY CALAMITY.—On the 24th of December, at 3.15, as the mail train on the Buffalo, Corry and Pittsburg Railroad, leaving Corry at 1 20 P. M., neared Prospect, and when within about eighty rods of the station, the train was thrown from the track at the trestle-work. The passenger and baggage cars and tender fell a distance of eighty feet, but the engine passed on uninjured. Twenty people were killed, and a great many others maimed. The cause of the disaster, it is said, was the sudden snapping of a rail, made brittle by the intense cold.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

[Any of the following works—or any other book—will be forwarded by mail by the proprietors of THE POST on receipt of the regular retail price. Address *H. Peterson & Co., 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.*

Publishers are requested always to state the retail price of their books when sending them to be noticed.]

THE EXPRESSION OF THE EMOTIONS IN MAN AND ANIMALS. By CHARLES DARWIN, M.A., F. R. S., &c. With Photographic and other Illustrations. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

ONLY GIRLS. By VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

SALLY WILLIAMS, THE MOUNTAIN GIRL. By MRS. E. D. CHENEY. Illustrated by Miss L. B. HUMPHREY. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE SABBATHS OF OUR LORD. By the Rt. Rev. WILLIAM BACON STEVENS, D.D., L.L.D., Bishop of the Diocese of Pennsylvania. Published by J. M. Stoddart & Co., 733 Sansom street, Philada.

SONGS FOR OUR DARLINGS. By UNCLE WILLIS. Published by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston.

THE DESERTED SHIP: A STORY OF THE ATLANTIC. Being adventures in the early life of Copples Howe, Mariner. By GEORGE CUPPLES, author of "The Green Hand." Illustrated by Burn and others. Published by Shepard & Gill, Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. Price $1 50.

MILES STANDISH, THE PURITAN CAPTAIN. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. Illustrated. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York; and also for sale by Smith, English & Co., Phila.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for January. Published by Scribner & Co., New York.

THE GALAXY for January. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

THE EDUCATION OF THE FRENCH GIRL.

A French girl is the dependant and companion of her mother. She is brought up under her eye at home, or, if abroad, under female supervision similar to that of her own mother. It may be at a convent or in a *pension*. Wherever the place, the mother is practically justified in stating that her daughter has always remained under her own eye. The enjoyments of the French girl, the occupations of her leisure moments, the indulgence of her tastes and emotions, are those of her mother. She promenades with her, accompanies her to amusements, and to a certain extent participates in the entertainment of her friends. The French girl is the pet of the family circle, interested in its ceremonies, familiar with the joys and sorrows of all its connections, and cognizant of all its interests according to the station of its several members. She is not allowed to see what French parents call objectionable plays, to read licentious novels, or converse with men haphazard in general society. The main thing in her education is a development of the sympathies, agreeable manners, and physical and mental purity.

This system is entirely due to the mother; the father sanctions it by not meddling with it. Like all systems, it has objectionable features; but the good preponderates. It produces a certain degree of mannerism at which men laugh; but it maintains feminine integrity, which men regard as a point of honor, and of infinite importance when the girl becomes a woman, and the mother of children. French education in France, leaving out the element of instruction, may be summed up in a lady's exclamation to me in defence of the custom of her country:—"What can a mother better say of her daughter on her wedding-day, than that she has never left her side?"

Let us suppose her ready for the nuptial union. Provided the man chosen to be her husband has a pleasing appearance, the girl is satisfied, being insensible to every other qualification; a youth of filial obedience makes her defer in this as in all other matters to parental decrees. Apart from the natural indifference of women to the moral state of the man who pleases them, they have no intelligent experience by which to judge the qualities indispensable to a true husband. Matrimony opens the door of society to a French girl, a world at which she has only gazed from the impassable threshold of her parental home, and which she is more than ready to reach at any sacrifice. What concerns her most is the bright prospect of freedom, the delight of wedding preparations, and the anticipation of the half-dreaded but fascinating ceremony at the altar. She gladly embraces a position in which she is a recognized heroine, supported by her conjugal and parental protectors and exciting universal sympathy and admiration.

It stands to reason that two beings thus brought up and thus brought together must entertain different sentiments and views of life's responsibilities and duties. There is no cement in their mutual experiences. The husband, as we remarked above, is *blasé*; there is for him no mystery or novelty in female companionship, no charm in possession, no reverence for feminine sensibility and affection other than that which inflates his vanity. He cannot build new ideals on the reputation of old experiences: he feels none of that life-giving inspiration which has its source in past purity and unsullied feeling. He marries only for worldly or material advantages, and not through affection; the girl to whom he is bound is respected by him mechanically because of her legal wifehood, and not because of her moral superiority and her angelic condition of nature; having sacrificed the integrity of her life's Spring to the Winter of his, he exchanges holy and unimpaired sentiments for worn-out, exhausted, and death-stricken ones. This may not prevent such a man from proving conventionally a good husband and father, a thing due often to temperament, to culture, and public opinion, and to which Frenchmen are by no means dead; but it does not elevate a husband to a delicate consciousness of moral companionship and conjugal duty. A man of this stamp is not aware of the important springs from which sentiment and duty originate. If a Frenchman of this class does not yield to polygamic habits and end like Hulot in Balsac's "Cousine Bette," he lives more or less an unconscious or passive spectator of family growth and discipline, content to be the creator of of souls without the capacity to shape them.

☞ A scholarly undertaker of this city will shortly send to press a volume deprecating the manufacture of nitro-glycerine. Should the employment of that explosive agent become more general, he says, then "his occupation's gone," since no remains are ever found after a nitro-glycerine blow-up.

☞ A Maryland man was arrested recently on the charge of carrying concealed weapons. On being searched there were discovered on his person two navy revolvers, three pocket-pistols, two billies, some brass knuckles, an air-gun and sword cane. As this damning evidence came to light, the prisoner smiled a brief smile, and explained that he had merely armed himself for the purpose of going out on the plains to fight Indians! The alderman, we are sorry to say, discredited the man's story, and sent him to prison—and now the Indians will continue their depredations as usual.—*Norristown Herald.*

☞ An exchange paper says, "Brigham Young is again enjoying poor health." We always thought he was an odd fish. Any man who will deliberately and premeditatedly undertake to "enjoy" poor health ought to be matrimonially embarrassed.

☞ Foreign papers say that Count von Rhade will apply for a divorce from his wife, Pauline Lucca. This is the first man on record who was ever willing to dispense with his lucre.

☞ An exchange, which seems to be thoroughly posted in Chinese affairs, says: "Yen, Prefect of Hang Yang, has put an end to the drowning of female babies in his department." If Yen would only reflect for a moment that those female babies are likely to become mothers-in-law, he would feel that he has made a fool of himself.—*Courier Journal.*

☞ A most extraordinary female invalid is reported to be at Denver, Col., to which place she went from Chicago for her health. The peculiarity of the case of Mrs. Clara Faircluth (for such is her name) is that she has not slept fifteen hours in nearly seven weeks. She moves about the city like an invalid, at times has spasms, and continually begs for morphine. There is, of course, diseased action of the brain. There is also a great crowd of consumptives thronging to Denver, some of whom die and some do not.

☞ Dr. Livingstone's age is 60.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES AND TAN USE
Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.
Sold by Druggists everywhere.
For Pimples on the Face, Blackheads and Fleshworms, use
Perry's Improved Comedone and Pimple Remedy,
THE GREAT SKIN MEDICINE.
Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. de21-13t

30 NEW SONGS, ARTS, and 20 new RECEIPTS mailed free. THEO. F. WOOD, Vernon, N. J. ja4-13t

BRIGGS & BRO. SEEDSMEN & FLORISTS, ROCHESTER, N. Y.
ILLUSTRATED WORK for January, 1873, now out. Issued as a Quarterly. The four numbers sent to any address by mail for 25 cents. The richest and most instructive Illustrated and Descriptive Floral Guide ever issued. You will miss it if you order Seeds before seeing BRIGGS & BRO.'S QUARTERLY. We challenge comparison on quality of Seed and prices and sizes of packets. Our "CALENDAR ADVANCE SHEET AND PRICE LIST FOR 1873" sent free.
Address BRIGGS & BROTHER, Rochester, N. Y.
ja4-4t

MAGIC OR INVISIBLE PHOTOGRAPHS.—Wonderful and Amusing. 25 cents, post-paid. Address B. FOX & CO., 369 Canal St., New York. d-28-13t

WHISKERS!
WHISKERS! One Package of Prof. Hall's MAGIC COMPOUND will force the beard to grow thick and heavy on the smoothest face (without injury) in 21 days, or money refunded. 25 cents a package, post-paid, or 3 for 50 cents. de7-4t EDGAR JONES, Ashland, Mass.

NERVOUS DEBILITY Etc. A speedy cure without Medicine. 1260 cases cured in one month. NO PAY till cured. Recommended by leading Medical Men and Journals. They say it NEVER FAILS. Extensively used in U. S. Lunatic Asylums and Hospitals. Pat. by U. S. Government. Pamphlet, with opinions of Lallemand, Trousseau, Hunter, &c., free. Address LALLEMAND INSTITUTE, P. O. Drawer 34, Cleveland, Ohio. (Chartered by Legislative Enactment.) de28-1y

Pocket Revolvers. STILES'S BREECHLOADER. A neat, durable weapon, 2-inch barrel, price $1.75, post-paid. F. W. STILES, Springfield, Vt. de21-4t

"WIZARDS' CARDS.—These Wonderful Cards enable any one to perform most astonishing Metamorphoses, without detection. Fifty cents a pack, pre-paid. N. WHITE, 90 South Sixth Street, Williamsburgh, New York. de21-1t

WINCHESTER & CO.,
700 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
MEN'S FURNISHING STORE
AND
PATENT SHOULDER-SEAM SHIRT MANUFACTORY.
FORMULA FOR MEASUREMENT: Size around neck, chest, waist and wrist, and length of bosom and arm from middle of back to middle of hand. de21-4t

AN "ELEGANT CHROMO" and "ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF WONDERS," only 15 cents postpaid. Address B. FOX & CO., No. 369 Canal Street, New York City. sep14-1y

ONE AGENT CLEARED $83 90 in one week selling BRIDE'S COMBINATION NEEDLE-CASE AND PORTE MONNAIE. More Agents wanted of both sexes. Address PITTSBURGH SUPPLY CO., Pittsburgh, Pa. de14-13t

$5 to $20 per day! Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments or all the time than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine. nov16-52t

FOR GENERAL DEBILITY,
And Liablity to Disease
In the Fall season, to assist in maintaining strength needed for daily duties by those whose constitutions are impaired,
SWAIM'S PANACEA
is the preparation indicated.
Prepared at SWAIM'S LABORATORY, 113 S. SEVENTH St., below Chestnut, (our only office), Philadelphia. For sale by all Druggists. nov23-3m

HUSBAND'S CALCINED MAGNESIA is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia. The World's Fair Medal and four First Premium Silver Medals have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the Druggists and country storekeepers, and by the manufacturer, THOMAS J. HUSBAND, Philadelphia. dec7-13t

$250 A MONTH, $250.
WE WANT 10,000 AGENTS, MALE OR FEMALE,
To make the above amount selling BRIDE'S COMBINATION NEEDLE CASE AND PORTE MONNAIE. This is an article of absolute necessity with every lady, and pays a large profit. For Circular and Terms Address PITTSBURGH SUPPLY CO., Pittsburgh, Pa. de14-26t

MAGIC EGGS—Resemble a small white pea; when lit, a huge serpent uncoils itself. A most amusing toy. 10 in a nest. Price 50c. T. FLETCHER, 144 3d St., Williamsburgh, N. Y. oc12-13t

THE MOST AMUSING CHRISTMAS PRESENT. Wonderful Toy Attachment for Pianos.
Charms inanimate figures to dance to the music. Price, $4, $7, $8. Liberal discount to the trade. Send for circulars to G. L. WILD & BRO., 420 Eleventh street, Washington, D. C. de14-4t

PALMER PATENTS. BEST IN USE.
PRINCIPAL OFFICE 1609 CHESTNUT STREET PHILADELPHIA.
ADDRESS THE INVENTOR.
DR. B. FRANK. PALMER, Pres't A.A.L. Co.
Commissioned by the Surgeon-General,
FOR THE U. S. ARMY AND NAVY.
DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience.
More than a thousand distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty; while still greater numbers of civilians, by their aid, fill important positions, AND EFFECTUALLY CONCEAL THEIR MISFORTUNE.
All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.
PAMPHLETS, which contain the NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS, and full information for persons in want of limbs, sent free, by mail or otherwise.
The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.
To avoid imposition apply only to
B. FRANK PALMER, LL. D.,
1609 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
nov8-1t

PERFECT GEMS. Something new, elegant and unique. MICROSCOPIC CHARMS.—These "Little Beauties" are finely got up in ivory, to be worn on watch guards, or as ornaments and lockets, and each contains a picture or portrait, which upon looking through the charm is magnified 100 times. We have just received an immense assortment, which we mail in sealed letters, prepaid, to any address, for only 25 cents each, 5 for $1, or $2 a dozen. Try one and secure something that will be a keepsake for life. Order only from B. FOX & CO. No. 369 Canal street, New York City. de21-4t

SEE ADVERTISEMENT OF PITTSBURGH SUPPLY CO. AGENTS ARE COINING MONEY. de14-13t

FORT EDWARD COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.—Fall term, Aug. 29. Winter term, Dec. 5. Spring term, March 20. $185 per year for board, fuel, washing, with common English branches. A choice of three courses of study for ladies or gentlemen. A complete commercial course also. A class is always fitting for college. The best instruction in Music, Painting, Languages, Telegraphy. Students admitted any time. Address for catalogues or for rooms, JOS. E. KING, D.D., Fort Edward, New York. nov2-26t

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.—ESTEEMED FRIEND, I have a positive Cure for Consumption and all Disorders of the Throat and Lungs; by its use in my practice I have cured hundreds, and will give $1,000 for a case it will not benefit. Indeed so strong is my faith, I will send a sample free to any sufferer addressing me. Please show this letter to any one suffering from these diseases. Faithfully Yours, DR. T. F. BURT, 208 Broadway, New York. de14-4t

Men and Women Wanted everywhere to make the money for our Patent Button-hole Cutter, with silver case, 25 cents—cuts 24 sizes—sells at sight. Pat. Fountain Pen and Yosemite XX Gold Pens. Samples of all, with circulars, post-paid, for 25 cents. Also The Ladies Casket, and other articles. Address CITY NOVELTY COMPANY, No. 404 Library street, Philadelphia, Pa. de21-13t

DR. EGGLESTON,
The popular author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" and "The End of the World," will write a
NEW STORY
for Boys and Girls, commencing in January, 1873, and continuing through the year, in
THE SCHOLAR.
There will be a new department, called Curious Things, and Prof. Peabody will write a series entitled the Microscope Club. The Magazine will be enlarged to 32 pages.
Send 10 cents for sample copy. Single subscriptions $1.50 per year. Clubs of 10 or more, 50 cents per year.
Adams, Blackmer & Lyon Pub. Co., Chicago.
de21-eow3t

$100 TO 250 PER MONTH GUARANteed sure to Agents everywhere selling our new seven strand WHITE PLATINA CLOTHES LINES. Sells readily at every house. Samples free. Address the GIRARD WIRE MILLS, Philadelphia, Pa. de21-eow3t

Write for Large Illustrated Descriptive Price List to
GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Double, Single, Muzzle and Breech-Loading Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, &c., of every kind, for men or boys, at very low prices. Guns, $3 to $300; Pistols, $1 to $25. au3-eow26t

AGENTS! A RARE CHANCE!!
We will pay all Agents $40 per week IN CASH who will engage with us AT ONCE. Everything furnished and expenses paid. Address
de28-4t A. COULTER & CO., Charlotte, Mich.

Agents Wanted for
GOD'S SIX DAYS' WORK
Or, SCIENCE AND THE BIBLE.
This book gives the very cream of Science, making its thrilling realities, beauties, wonders and sparkling gems a hundred fold more interesting than fiction. Every man, woman and child wants to read it. It is endorsed by the Press, and Ministers of all denominations.
GEO. W. EATON, D.D., LL.D., *President of Hamilton Theological Seminary*, says: "The author has worthily conceived of the stupendous, amazing and overpowering splendor of the Divine Hand in Creation, and set forth his conceptions, in language of uncommon force, clearness and beauty. Its religious spirit is reverent, loyal, devout and fervent. It is worthy of all praise." Sales immense. Agents report 52—45—44—50—57 and 96 copies per week. Great inducements to Agents.
EMPLOYMENT for Young Men, Ladies, Teachers and Clergymen in every County. Send for Circular. Also, Agents wanted for the
Peoples Standard Edition of the Holy Bible,
Which, in addition to the sacred text, and all the important features of other editions, contains a "History of the Books of the Bible," an "Inter-Biblical History," a "History of all Religious Denominations," over sixty "Historical and Chronological Tables," arranged on a new basis, numerous full page engravings, a handsome chromo Marriage Certificate, a Family Record, and A GALLERY OF 336 ILLUSTRATIONS and descriptions, embracing "An Illustrated Life of Christ," "An Illustrated Life of Paul," "An Illustrated History of Palestine," Illustrated Sketches of Jerusalem, Patmos and the Seven Churches, Egypt, The Exode, and Assyria; also, Illustrated Sketches of the Houses, Costumes, Arts and Sciences, Religious Rites and Emblems, Trees and Plants, Animals, Writings and Coins in Bible times. All our own Agents for other books, and many Agents for other Publishers, are selling this Bible with wonderful success, because it is the most valuable, beautiful, and popular edition now in the market, and is sold at a very low price. Fine bindings (of both books) for HOLIDAY PRESENTS. Canvassing books free to working Agents.
Address ZIEGLER & McCURDY, Philadelphia, Pa., or Cincinnati, Ohio. nov30-4t

AGENTS WANTED—For Great Fires of History, Chicago, Boston, Portland, N. York, London, etc. Causes, Systems of Extinguishing Fire, Safes, Fire-proof Buildings, Bank Vaults, Insurance, &c. Thrilling, Humorous, Pathetic. *Only complete illustrated work. Going like Hot Cakes.* Write WORTHINGTON, DUSTIN & CO., Hartford, Ct. oc19-26t

$72 EACH WEEK—Agents wanted, Business legitimate. J. WORTH, St. Louis, Mo. ja4-4t

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE
LIGHT IN THE EAST,
The most comprehensive and valuable religious work ever published; also, for our new Illustrated Family Bible, containing nearly 500 fine Scripture Illustrations, and Dr. Smith's complete Dictionary of the Bible. Send for Prospectus and Circulars, and we will show you what agents say of this, *the best and cheapest Family Bible*, and how fast they are selling it. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa. nov30-4t

GOLDEN AGENTS WANTED FOR McCLELLAN'S
GOLDEN STATE. STATE.
A New Book and New Subject. Address WM. FLINT & CO., Phila., Pa., Cinn., O., Springfield, Mass., Atlanta, Ga. nov26-13t

FREE TO YOU! FREE TO ALL!
BOOK of NEW RECEIPTS
An illustrated book of the odd, quaint, curious and interesting. 72 pages; 50 illustrations. Mailed for two stamps. Address BLACKIE & CO., 746 Broadway, New York. ☞ *Don't fail to send for it.* oc19-13t

PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT.
We wish to employ GENTLEMEN AND LADIES to solicit orders for the CELEBRATED IMPROVED BUCKEYE SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE, STITCH ALIKE ON BOTH SIDES. It will *stitch, hem, fell, tuck, cord, bind, braid, gather* and *ruffle*, and sew from THE FINEST NAINSOOK TO BEAVER OVERCOATINGS AND LEATHER. For further particulars, address W. A. HENDERSON & CO., jy13-26t CLEVELAND, OHIO, or ST. LOUIS, MO.

MONEY MADE RAPIDLY with Stencil and Key Check Outfits. Catalogues, samples and full particulars FREE. S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt. ja4-52t

EVERYBODY WANTS TO KNOW WHICH IS THE BEST MACHINE!
THE "LIGHT RUNNING" "DOMESTIC"

Answers this question, and presents a record of success unparalleled in the history of the invention.
Agents wanted everywhere.
Address "DOMESTIC" S. M. Co., New York.
n126-13t

INVISIBLE INK—For Secret Correspondence. Price 50c. bottle. Magic Photographs, 25c. pkge. Finger Sensation Tubes, &c. T. FLETCHER, 144 3d St., Williamsburgh, N. Y. oct12-13t

NERVOUS DEBILITY.—Write and learn Nature's free cure. D. FAY, Big Coon, Ala., (from Penn.) nov9-13t

RIVERVIEW Military Academy, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. A thorough-going school for boys. mar9-52t

BRIDE'S COMBINATION NEEDLE-CASE AND PORTE MONNAIE is an article of absolute necessity in every household. We want agents to sell it. PITTSBURGH SUPPLY CO., Pittsburgh, Pa. de14-13t

"OIL OF GLADNESS."
THE GREAT FAMILY REMEDY
☞ PURIFIES THE BLOOD. ☜
Unequalled for Coughs, Colds and Sore-throat. Cures Cramp-colic in three minutes.
Instantly relieves Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Pain in the Limbs and Back, &c., &c., and effects a permanent cure without fail.
☞ "Greatest pain destroyer ever discovered." —*Buffalo Advertiser.*
"It acts like magic."—*Advance.*
"Made of pure drugs, is safe, and never fails." —*Union County Telegraph.*
"Two bottles cured my rheumatism of 4 years' standing."—*Miss L. Blackburn, Belmont Co., O.*
"Does all the proprietors claim for it." —*G. W. Snively, Agent, Poole, Kan.*
"A great saving of doctors' bills. Every family should have it." —*Journal of Agriculture, St. Louis.*
AGENTS wanted to sell it in all parts of the United States. From $7 to $12 per day, clear, by active agents, both male and female.
ONLY 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE; *sent by Express.* For particulars address with stamp, MARSHALL & BERRY, Harrisville, Ohio. au24-26t

AVOID QUACKS.
A victim of early indiscretion, causing nervous debility, premature decay, &c., having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., New York. sep14-1y

RUPTURE
Relieved and Cured by Dr. Sherman's Patent Appliance and Compound. Office, 697 Broadway, N. Y. Send 10c. for book with photographic likenesses of cases before and after cure, with the Henry Ward Beecher case, letters and portrait. Beware of travelling impostors, who pretend to have been assistants of Dr. Sherman. He has no Agents. au6-1y

CATALOGUES OF NEW MUSIC sent to any address, gratis. Address J. R. WINNER, Music Publisher, 545 and 546 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia. aug31-13t

TILTON'S EBONITE CROQUET BALLS,
As perfect as Billiard balls and warranted to keep their shape without breaking or chipping for three years. Croquet players who have used them use no others.
Prices of the sets, $8, $10, $12, $15, $22, $30. Balls separate, $5 per set of 8.
For sale by LEON HIRSH, 812 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. jy20-16t

WIT AND HUMOR.

A SURPRISE PARTY THAT WAS NOT A SUCCESS.

One night last week ten Stearnsville couples, with heads full of fun and baskets full of fodder, went to Richmond to "surprise" a friend. They hadn't the least doubt of a cordial welcome, and they expected to while away a good many hours, with the help of a fiddle or two, at the hospitable mansion of the Richmonder. They arrived there in good time, and burst in upon the peaceful family, laughing and shouting in the greatest glee. The provisions were dumped upon the table; overcoats and shawls and furs and gloves were thrown off at random and without hesitation; the fiddlers unboxed their instruments and began to tune up. By this time the party began to give some attention to the master of the house. He was completely surprised, but only for a very few moments, and then he was ready for 'em. He inquired if they hadn't made a mistake, and got into the wrong pew. He was answered that the cheerful occasion was intended for his benefit, and that the party expected to stay awhile with him. They said this smilingly, expecting to win over the old gent into welcoming them. He didn't win worth a cent. He called out to one of his sons to put four-finger charges into his double gun and fetch it to him, "and let the dog in out o' the wood-shed when I get all ready to shoot." The old man's ire was up, and there was "business" in his eye. The lady of the house reached the mop from behind the cellar-door, and ominously asked the fiddlers if they "highly valued them instruments." The party began to think they were getting too "warm" a welcome, and slid into their cloaks and overcoats as nimbly as if the house was on fire. The genial farmer told them not to hurry, as he'd have the other barrel loaded in a minute, and then he'd help 'em off. They didn't wait. They said they had decided not to have it there, and might just as well leave then as to stay longer, and so they rushed away. Our reporter says they didn't talk much on the way home. The ladies said "it was mean," and the men said "dammim," which is Hebrew for the same thing.—*Berkshire County Eagle.*

THE DELIGHTS OF HAVING A LITTLE BROTHER.

A little brother is sometimes more agreeable when he becomes an angel over yonder. Our friend Parker knows a certain little brother whom he would gladly waft at once over to the thither shore, if society had not such an absurd prejudice against premeditated murder. Young Parker loved Miss Clamm, the sister of the said babe, and a few evenings ago he called upon the lady for the purpose of proposing to her. They sat upon the sofa in the front parlor, alone. As the evening wore on, Parker plucked up courage, nudged over to Miss Clamm's side of the sofa, and began some preliminary remarks about his "eternal happiness," his "heart's longings," his "soul's idol," his "love's young dream," &c., &c. Just as he had taken Miss Clamm's little hand in his, and was about to explain himself, a terrific sneeze was heard beneath the sofa. Parker and Clamm both sprang to their feet. Parker dragged the sofa away from the wall, and there lay young Clamm, snickering and chuckling as if he had rich things stored away in his memory. And when Miss Clamm flew at him and boxed his ears he remained silent; but, escaping, he ran to the door, and, standing there with his hand on the knob, he observed: "Never you mind! I'm a-goin' right up-stairs to tell ma that you and old Parker have bin a-sittin' down yer kissin' each other, and squeezin one another's hands, and a-huggin' like mad; a-caryin' on scandlus! *I'm* goin' to tell ma—certain! And you jist wait till pa comes home, and if he don't boot that Parker outen the front door quicker'n lightnin', my name's not William Henry Clamm. Oh! he'll go for you, mister! He'll root around in here like a maniac when he knows you've kin kissin' sis! Never you mind!" And then W. H. Clamm faded into the entry. Parker and Clamm have not yet agreed to consolidate.—*Max Adeler in Sunday Dispatch.*

ANOTHER EMBARRASSING QUESTION.

We have a poetic production from one of the craft. It is entitled, "The Printer's Love." It commences:

"And will my loved one leave me thus?"

We cannot say. She may or she may not. Much depends upon the personal attractions, circumstances or habits of the poet. If he writes such poetry as this, we should say that she would leave him at once. We are equally puzzled about the "thus." She *may* leave him thus, and again she may leave him in a scratched condition, or minus his hair. Or if the "thus" refers to her manner of going, we may suggest that there are several ways by which she might leave him. She could walk, or ride, or hire a wheelbarrow. On the whole, we would rather not have such questions asked us.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR THE AGUE.

A man down in Delaware, who has been enjoying the chills and fever for months, read in the paper the other day that if a person afflicted thus would crawl down a flight of stairs headforemost, just as the chill is coming on, it would get disgusted and leave incontinently. The Delaware man tried it, but for the want of practice or something, he came down more rapidly than was necessary—much more—clearing four steps at a time, and executing a pair of admirable flip-flaps before reaching the foot of the stairs. He has had his nose half-soled, and a court-plaster map of Boston's burnt district laid out on his left cheek and side of the head—and still has no faith in that ague cure.

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

A special committee of the Vermont Legislature recently visited the asylum for the insane at Brattleboro. A laughable incident occurred while they were being chaperoned through the asylum by ex Governor Holbrook, who is one of the trustees. One of the lady patients, who is extremely high-toned and dressed in the height of fashion, was introduced to the bland ex-Governor, when she drew herself up and remarked: "Ah! I have the honor of knowing Governor Holbrook. Sir, I was at Montpelier several years ago when you were sworn out as Governor, and Governor Smith sworn in, and," she added, "all the people were rejoiced." The ex-Governor has no doubt of the insanity of that patient.

GIVING AN ORDER.

There is nothing like being explicit in giving your orders, as may be seen from the following conversation, which took place at a restaurant the other day: "Give me some cold rice," said a guest to a black waiter. "There aint none, sah." "Why, what is that on the sideboard in that dish there?" "Dat, sah, am cole b'iled rice. You asked simply for cole rice, sah. Please be exact in your language, sah. Shall I gib you some ob de b'iled rice, sah?"

☞ Ole Bull got mad and wouldn't come out at a Georgia concert, recently, because some one in the audience laughed aloud.

☞ In China the marriage ceremony lasts three days. In Chicago the marriage itself doesn't last three days—that is, some marriages don't.—*Norristown Herald.*

☞ Don't you remember the next word in your lesson. It's the word after cheese. What comes after cheese?" "Mouse," triumphantly exclaimed the puzzled pupil.

HARD LINES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARGARET A. DOUGLAS.

"Yes, it's true, Marjorie. I'm engaged, and will be married next month. That accounts for my being buried down here in this quiet valley. There! you needn't open your eyes *quite* so wide! One—"

"Yes, but really, Archie, I can hardly believe it. And to Edith Hallam! Do you know how rich she is?" interrupted Mrs. Norton, looking in unfeigned astonishment at her handsome brother, who had just electrified her by the above intelligence, told as coolly as though it were an everyday occurrence in his life.

"Yes," he answered to her question, "or I should not have asked for her hand. She is in New York, at present, and I rusticate down here for fear of evil consequences."

"Why, what *do you* mean?" asked the lady, in amazement.

"Simply that I might forget myself, and be 'attentive' to some other woman when fair Edith was not by to remind me of my coming fate; or, better still, that I may not get tired of her before the knot is tied; for it strikes me, Marjorie, that one needs a large amount of love to resign himself to the prospect of seeing the same face at the head of his table until death kindly signs the release. There! don't look so shocked. Now good-bye, little woman."

"But wait, Archie? who was the pretty girl with you yesterday?"

"Oh, the daughter of the lady with whom I board. I will see you when you go back to town. Now I must go, for I've seven miles to ride."

Nodding a gay farewell, he left the room, and she saw him ride rapidly down the avenue. As the distance increased between himself and the house he had just left, he dropped his rein and let his horse choose his own pace. All the light had gone from his face, his lips were compressed, and as he rode on with drooping head and abstracted air, it was hard to believe him the same man who, a quarter of an hour before, had lounged in his sister's drawing-room, talking nonsense, after the fashion of the day. Rousing himself at last, with an effort, he started his horse, and muttered: "I can't work, I won't, so only marriage with a rich woman is left. What a wretch a man gets to be after—; however, it can't be helped," and he tried to laugh, but could not succeed; tried to whistle, but that failed also! and then, with an impatient shrug, he began again. "An artist! Yes, I could just earn bread enough to live on. The little money my father left me is almost gone, and my debts—by heavens, it's enough to drive a man crazy! No, I have to marry sweet Edith! a woman I *detest!*" With a gesture as if he flung the subject from him, he put spur to his horse, and in a short time halted before a little farmhouse, nestled all by itself among the mountains. As the boy took his horse, a woman's voice called,

"Is that you, Mr. Hunter?"

"Yes, it is I, Mrs. Jackson, tired, cold and fearfully hungry," he returned, recognizing the voice of the woman who owned the place.

"Come right in here, then. There isn't a fire in the sitting-room."

Entering the room designated, he found his hostess standing before a huge open fire, tenderly watching the contents of a frying-pan.

"It's turned right chilly, don't you think so?"

"Yes, quite. But where is Miss Polly?" he rejoined, seating himself.

"Here she is. Do you want her?" replied a girlish voice, and the Polly in question entered the room, and to the man who was looking so intently at her it seemed as though the apartment had suddenly become bright.

"Pretty," Mrs. Morton had called her, and it was just the term for her; not handsome, or beautiful, but pretty in every sense of the word. Gray eyes, clear and bright as the sun itself, rippling brown hair that would never be smooth, the sauciest red mouth and slightly *retroussé* nose, and hands whose shape all the work she did could not spoil, however much it might mar their color. A simple, unaffected little country girl, but one whom it did you good to see, in this age of young-ladyism. Looking at her, he said:

"Ah, you are always at hand, like a good fairy! Are you going to be my guide to-morrow?"

"Oh, yes! See. Aren't they perfect? I gathered them to-day in the wood. I'm going to group them so they can be sketched to-morrow," she said, holding up her hands, filled with exquisite Autumn leaves.

"Very," he said, looking at her, not the leaves. His tone brought a deeper flush of rose to the girl's face, and she drooped her head over the leaves that her delicate fingers were fashioning into a graceful bouquet. Noticing it, he frowned, and biting his lip fiercely, turned and gazed moodily into the glowing embers.

In the silence that followed he was angrily taking himself to task. "What right had *he*, an engaged man, to use that tone to a girl? Such a dear, trusting little thing besides!" How dear he held her in his heart of hearts, only he himself knew.

"But it was hard, *very* hard that the girl he loved could never be his. If he had met her first, things might have been different; perhaps he would have won her for his wife, even though she were poor, and even though he would have been forced to toil for his bread." The mere idea that he would have been willing to work for her, showed that his love was real; for our hero is no hero at all, but a very common-place, every-day mortal, who disliked the very *name* of *work*. But even that faint hope was gone; he was bound to a woman already. As he phrased it, he had "*sold*" himself.

Once or twice Polly glanced at his absorbed face, but without speaking. Presently she rose, and unobserved by him left the room. When his cogitation at length came to an end, he looked up and found himself alone. Through the open door came a gleam of light from the room across the hall; and listening, the low murmur of a song fell on his ear. Rising, he walked out softly, and stood unnoticed at the door of the little parlor. There was no light, save that afforded by the fire, and by its glow he saw Polly seated on a low chair, holding in her arms a little girl of about five years old, her little cousin. Her face was brought into strong relief, and showed to perfection its pure, sweet outline; her attitude, her whole expression was so womanly and tender, that Archie realized that there was more in the girl than her mere prettiness. Her song was continued, for she had not seen him enter. It was a half-hymn, with quaint words and a rambling tune. As he listened, she sang—

"Life is what we choose to make it;"

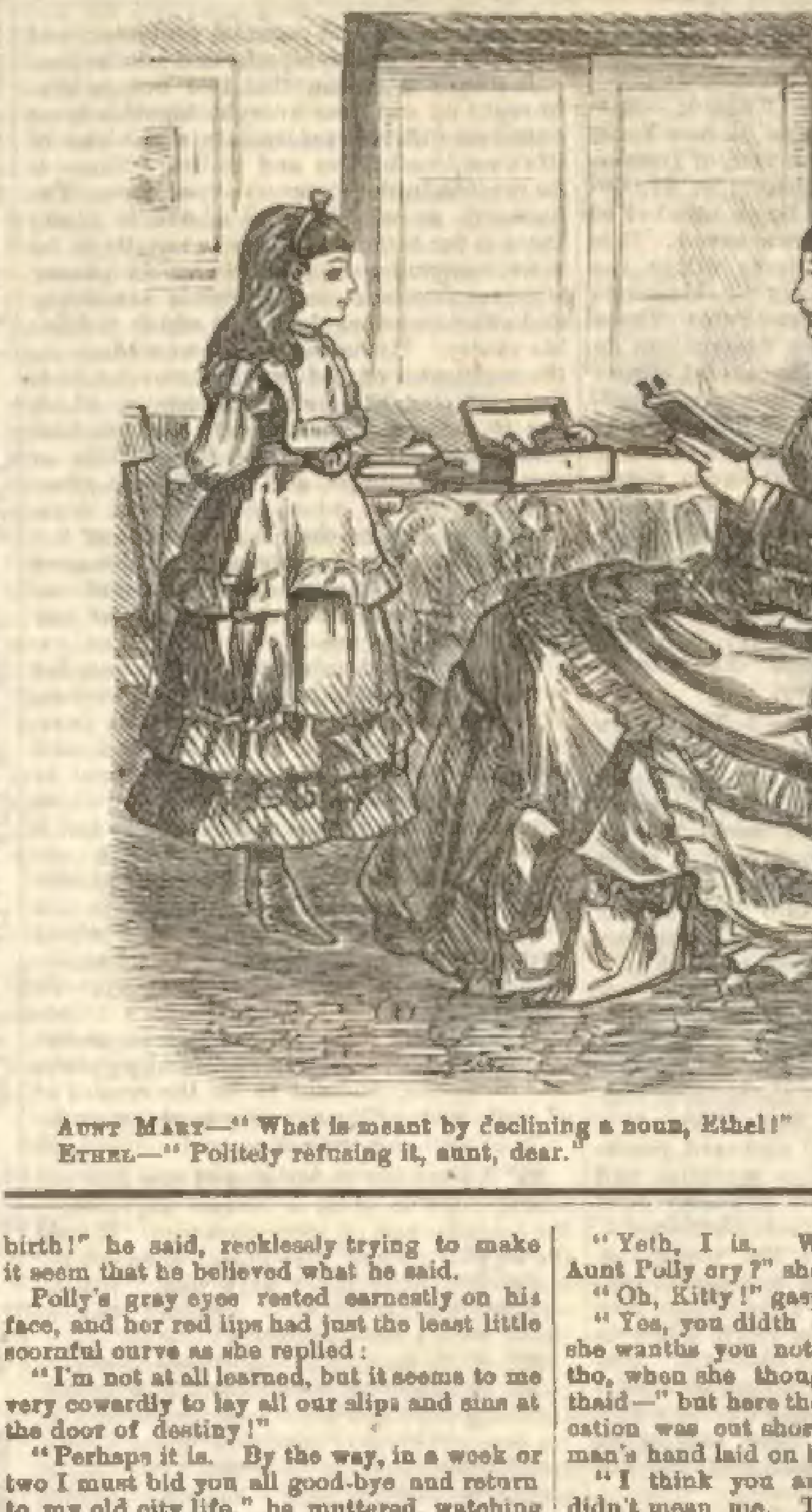
and then the sweet tones were hushed. He was standing by her now, and as she ended he burst out with, "It is *not* so!"

With a start she said, "I did not know you were here! What is not so?"

He repeated the words he objected to, and added bitterly, it seemed to her, "We are all puppets in the hands of a Higher Power; our lives are chalked out for us, and all we do when we arrive in this sphere is to walk them. I might as well try to battle with death as to fight against my destiny!"

"With God's help we can do everything!" said Polly reverently.

"No, *I* think not. If I should murder a man to-morrow, I could not help it; I was intended to do so from the hour of my birth!" he said, recklessly trying to make it seem that he believed what he said.



AUNT MARY—"What is meant by declining a noun, Ethel?"
ETHEL—"Politely refusing it, aunt, dear."

Polly's gray eyes rested earnestly on his face, and her red lips had just the least little scornful curve as she replied:

"I'm not at all learned, but it seems to me very cowardly to lay all our slips and sins at the door of destiny!"

"Perhaps it is. By the way, in a week or two I must bid you all good-bye and return to my old city life," he muttered, watching her face closely; for, like man, he wished her to love him and be sorry for his going, even though that love brought her only pain and trouble. At his words the color faded from her cheeks, and her eyes rested on his for a moment with a look of surprise, then the long silken lashes swept over them, and her face was very quiet, save for a slight quiver of the usually laughing lips. She was saved from the necessity of replying by the entrance of her mother.

Here let us say a few words about Mrs. Jackson. She was the daughter of a well-to-do farmer in Vermont, and had been well educated; she had married a man of good birth and social standing, and after their union he took a fancy to turn farmer; but, as is generally the case with amateurs, he spent his money and time and gained nothing, so that on his death, four years before our story opens, it was discovered that all his fortune had melted away except a mere pittance, which passed to his wife, with a little farm eight miles from B. Mrs. Jackson, by good management, and by taking a boarder every summer, contrived to live very well, and to keep her only child, Polly, at the school where her father had placed her, until she had finished her education. She was at once motherly and fussy, and afforded a marked contrast to her daughter's easy, quiet manner; but, as she said, "the girl was exactly like her poor Pa."

Now, on her entrance, she began such a tornado of questions, aimed at Mr. Hunter, that, under their cover, Polly escaped, carrying the sleeping child with her. Once in her own little room, she sat down on the first chair that presented itself, and burst into a genuine flood of tears. "He was going away! Oh! how could she bear it. She loved him; yes she did, and now, perhaps, she would never see him again;" and at the thought her tears flowed with greater violence. Gradually another thought forced itself upon her; how coldly he had told her of his going.

"And I, poor fool, cry at the very thought of parting. *I* love a man who cares not the least bit for me!" and the girl's face flushed with shame.

"It's unmaidenly! Polly Jackson, you deserve to be whipped!"

She tried to say it indignantly, but it was a failure, the poor little voice trembled, and the tears she had brushed away gathered again. She had not noticed that the wee thing in her lap was regarding her with a pair of wondering eyes, but she was made aware of the fact by a little arm winding around her neck, and a little voice trembling with sympathy for "Aunt Polly," as she always called her, saying,

"What ith th' matter? Who ith it, Auntie?"

Rather startled by this unexpected address, "Auntie" rallied her forces, and replied, fibbing, I'm afraid,

"Only a headache, Kitty. Come, dear, it's time you were in bed."

On receiving this explanation, Miss Kitty looked very wise, and pursing up her mouth, followed her cousin without further words.

After she was put to bed, Polly returned to her room to battle with her first real sorrow.

Mr. Hunter had read her silence aright; she liked him and was grieved at the thought of parting.

"By heavens!" he said to himself, that night, "if winning her depended upon myself, I would saw wood to the end of my days! My little darling! *Mine?* I wonder what right I have to call her *mine?* Do I not belong body and soul to Edith Hallam? If she would free me from this cursed engagement—but as a gentleman I cannot ask her to do so—besides, I think she really likes me. Nothing to be done but follow out my destiny."

And the man groaned in very anguish; then he made up his mind to leave at once, "for my darling's sake," he had said to himself; for you see that though our hero is lazy, perhaps weak, he is still a true gentleman.

The next morning Polly looked pale and heavy-eyed, and in an answer to her mother's inquiries said she had a headache, and this time it was no fib.

"Are you going to show me that glen, Miss Polly?" Mr. Hunter asked, after the meal was over.

"Me come too," put in Kitty. Polly, who had no desire for a *tête-à-tête*, readily consented, to Archie's inward disgust.

About an hour after, the three might have been seen walking slowly toward the wood. Polly's heart was very heavy, but she exerted herself to reply to her companion's gay sallies, for he was in the best of spirits; he was determined to look neither backward nor forward, but to "be happy while he could."

On their starting out, Kitty had taken possession of her cousin's hand, and clung to it like a leech. Every now and then she would look at Mr. Hunter, stealthily shake her little brown head, and screw up her mouth until it looked like a diminutive rosebud. Evidently the little lady was ill at ease upon some point.

At the place in question, they seated themselves upon a fallen oak-tree, and Mr. Hunter would have lifted Kitty up beside him, but she drew back with a comical attempt to imitate her cousin's dignity of manner.

"Well, little one, are you angry with me?" he said, laughing.

"Yeth, I is. Why did you make my Aunt Polly cry?" she returned, indignantly.

"Oh, Kitty!" gasped poor Polly.

"Yes, you didth cry. Why do you go, if she wanths you not to? I heard her thay tho, when she thought I wath asleep; she thaid—" but here the young lady's communication was cut short by having the gentleman's hand laid on her lip, and his voice say:

"I think you are mistaken, Kitty; she didn't mean me. There, see those red berries, run and pick me some to draw."

The child scampered off, and Archie turned for the first time to look at Polly, for during the child's recital he had steadfastly turned his eyes another way. Her face was bowed and covered by her hands, but he could see that it was flushed with shame.

"Polly," he said, forgetting all his resolutions, forgetting all except the precious assurance that she loved him, "Polly, my darling," and throwing his arm around her, he drew her head to his breast, and taking away her hands with gentle force, raised the blushing face, and for one single blessed instant his lips touched hers. "And you love me? Are you sure? Oh, my love! my darling!"

"Yes," she answered, "I could not help it; but oh! Mr. Hunter," and the crimson flush deepened. "What must you have thought?" she added, trying desperately to free herself.

The first flush of surprise and joy fading away left him the memory of his bondage, and reminded him that he had no right to hold this girl in his arms, be his love never so strong. At her words he loosened his hold, and they stood confronting each other, she with downcast, blushing face, and he with the intensest love in his eyes and bitterest scorn on his lip—love for her, scorn for himself. In a cold, mocking tone, he said:

"I think we are the most miserable people in the world!"

In surprise, she looked up with all the glow faded from her face.

"That before we had met, we had better been laid in our graves! or that we had died when I held you in my arms! God have mercy on us!" And strong man as he was, he shook with the passion he tried to suppress. A little hand was laid upon his arm, and a calm voice said:

"Mr. Hunter, please tell me what you mean?" Despite the tone, her face was ghastly pale, and her eyes wild with terror. "Sit down here and tell me quickly; this waiting is fearful," she added.

Seated by her side, with his eyes holding hers in passionate gaze, he told her all; his love and "bondage." As each word added another link to the chain which held him from her, her face grew stiller and whiter; but she was very quiet, not a sigh, not a tear told what a dreadful blow had fallen upon her young life.

"And that is all—without I ask her to release me," he ended.

"And—she loves you?" she questioned with trembling voice.

"Yes," he said.

"Then, you can only keep your word," she said sadly.

"And we end where we began, you can never be mine," he said, recklessly.

"*Never*," she answered, slowly.

"Polly, if you loved me as truly as I love you, you would bid me break that *accursed* engagement, and I would do it; and then, oh, my darling!" And he took her hand. All her composure vanished, and her eyes filled with tears as she wailed—

"Do not tempt me so cruelly. Have pity on me."

"If you loved me, you would think of me before *her*," he pleaded.

"I must not! It would be wrong. Oh, Archie, have mercy!"

At the sound of his name on her lips his face softened, and he dropped his head on his hands with a deep groan. At the sight of his grief her own lips quivered, but steadying her voice, she said—

"It is hard now, but, perhaps, you will forget me—" here her tears forced her to stop.

"*Never. I* forget you, my love, my love!" and he kissed the hand which he had taken passionately.

"It will come right, you will forget me—" her voice trembled, but she continued bravely—"in *her* love. Oh, Archie! Archie!" And as she met his eye, her tears burst forth. Calling her all manner of pet names, he soothed her into quiet again, and then she, remembering how it was between them, said, "Now—"

"And now," he repeated as she paused.

"You must go. Good-bye, I—" And breaking off, she extended her hand.

"Good-bye," he said, not trusting himself to say more. Then he turned away, but in a second he was again at her side and held her in his arms. "For the *last time*, love," he said brokenly, kissing her lips, and after one lingering, despairing look, he turned away hurriedly and disappeared in the wood, not trusting himself to look back again.

* * *

Half stunned, Polly sat in hopeless misery, wishing that she could die. Turning in disgust from the bright sunlight and the vivid autumnal woods, she covered her eyes to shut it all out; and years after, when Autumn had again touched the leaves, a picture would rise before her of a girl seated in dull despair, with a back-ground of this gorgeous coloring, and with only one wish—that she might die.

Presently Kitty came running back, laden with scarlet berries, and on their homeward walk she forced herself to talk with the child, and to listen calmly when her mother regretted that Mr. Hunter had been called away so suddenly. For three or four weeks she bore her heavy burden, and then mercifully sickness was sent, and for days and days she lost her misery in unconsciousness. Even after the fever left her she was very weak, and during the days when she lay prostrated, more by sorrow than actual disease, a terrible struggle was going on in her mind, one which threatened to tear body and soul apart. But with bitter tears and by prayer she became victor, and from the bed where a girl had laid herself down, there rose a pale, calm woman, in whose sad eyes there rested "sorrow's crown of sorrow," *hopeless love.*

Then came the news of his marriage; and if the pale lips quivered and scalding tears fell, it was in the darkness of night, when no eye save that of the Father saw her weakness.

Poor, loving, loyal heart! So the day when she passed into the Valley of the Shadow, her every heart-throb was for him only; as she told herself, with something of the old bygone glow in her eyes, "it was as if he *died* that day."

* * *

Once after that they met, though she never knew it—it was in this wise: Mr. Hunter was standing on the platform of the railway depot at D——, one spring afternoon, when a train came whizzing up and stopped. As he glanced carelessly over the long line of faces at the windows, he caught his breath with a quick gasp, for before him sat Polly—the Polly of seven years ago—but, ah! how marvellously transformed!

As he stood looking with a hungry gaze at the woman who sat there with folded hands and a far-away look in her eyes, so unconscious of his presence, the bitter truth forced itself upon him—that there was but one woman for him in the whole wide world, and she was Polly. But even while he looked she was whirled off, and he turned away with something of her own holy calm reflected in his face, thinking—"The *one true* woman of my life. *Mine hereafter.*"

* * *

And who shall call him wrong? Who shall say that these faithful loving souls, so true to each other in their weary life-journey, shall not meet, and despite all *earthly* ties, be joined together *for ever and ever*—in

"The world that sets this right?"

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces *double rates* on the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

STUDENT, (Elizabethport, N. J.,) writes: "About a year ago a school teacher lent me a small book, the title of which, I think, was Kingsley's Arithmetical Questions. As near as I can recollect it was published by Cowperthwait & Co., of Philadelphia. I have failed to get it from several large book establishments, owing, I think, to my not having the right title. Its author's name, I think, was the Rev. George Kingsley, of California. Can you give me any information about it? How is my writing?" Why not apply again to your friend and find out the correct title? Otherwise address a note to "Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia," requesting information. Your writing is plain enough, but is not a good hand.

W. H. O., (Sumpter, S. C.), writes: "Will you decide for me the question, if either Black or White are colors, strictly speaking? I have a discussion as to this question, and we decide to leave it to your wisdom to say whether they both or either are, or not." In a scientific sense Black is no color, being, instead, the absence of color. Color is a result of the action of light upon substances, whose hue depends on that portion of the ray of light which is reflected. Substances which absorb all the light, reflecting none, are black, or in other terms lack color. Those which reflect all the light are white. Thus white is a compound color, containing in its composition all the simple colors. In a commercial or manufacturing point of view, both Black and White may strictly be called colors.

M. C., (Racine, O.,) writes: "I wish to ask a few questions through your correspondents' column. 1st. How long has it been since Solomon's Temple was first built? 2d. And how long since it fell to ruin? 3d. Also how long has it been since Free Masonry first existed? 4th. You will do me a great favor if you will tell me whether my writing is good or bad for a girl of sixteen." 1st. The date of Solomon's accession to the throne is not positively fixed, varying with different writers from 1035 to 990 B. C. The Temple was commenced four years after his accession, making nearly 2900 years from the present time. 2d. It was destroyed by the Babylonians, under Nebuchadnezzar, about 586 B. C. 3d. Free Masonry, in its present form, is of British origin, and dates from the 17th century. It was instituted by Elias Ashmole and his literary friends, as a secret association. But in a previous form it is of much greater antiquity. Indeed the imagination of certain writers on this subject carries them beyond the bounds of historic certainty. By some its origin is ascribed to the old Roman Empire, by others to the period of the Pharaohs. Others are positive that it originated among the workmen on Solomon's temple. Still others that the Tower of Babel was the scene of its origin. More romantic historians ascribe it to the period of the building of Noah's ark. We are not aware that any have found masonic symbols in the account of the Garden of Eden. All that is reliably historical is the fact that during the Middle Ages the guild of Masons attained great prominence, through the importance given them by the many great architectural labors of that period. They were given several important privileges not possessed by other workmen, and were exempted from penalties which bore upon their fellow-laborers. Hence arose their title of Free. The custom of mechanics in that day, of travelling for a certain period after ending their apprenticeship, rendered useful secret signs by which they could recognize each other, hence a secret ceremony gradually arose. But the formation of the present order of Freemasons was as given above. 4th. Your writing is very good for your age.

A. W., (Wellsboro, Pa.), writes: I would like to ask you just one question, as you are the one who is supposed to know everything. Was the suit that was brought against the Trinity Church property ever settled, or how will it terminate? As I am a direct descendant of one of the parties who first owned the land, I naturally feel somewhat interested." We answered a similar question, from another of these heirs, last week. It has not been settled, and how it will terminate is one of the mysteries of New York litigation which we will not venture to decide. We have not studied the merits of this special case, but in the majority of such cases immense patience, great good luck, and a long life are necessary to success.

A. W. (Harrisonville, Mo.) asks: "Will you be so kind as to answer a few questions for me? 1st. Where can I get a magic lantern, and about what will be the price? 2d. And can I get scenes of the Chicago fire to show with the magic lantern? 3d. Where can I get a complete Horse Farrier, that is, a history of a Farrier. 4th. What do you think of my handwriting? Is it passable?" 1st. You can get one of any optical instrument maker. Address such an establishment in your nearest city, and you can obtain full information. 2d. Probably not. It is not likely there have been any such scenes prepared for the magic lantern. 3d. Do you mean a work on Farriery? If so, any bookseller can supply you. 4th. Not very passable.

M. A. H., (Shelbyville, Mo.,) says: "1st. I want to get a picture, a pretty landscape view of some kind, and would like it to be somewhere near the size of your old premium engraving, about 18 by 24 inches, but cannot afford to give over five dollars. Do you know if I can get such a one? Of course I should like a chromo, but could not expect to get one for that price. But are there not good imitations that one could get, which are tasteful and elegant in coloring, yet within my limited means? 2d. If you know such a one would you be willing to purchase it for me? 3d. There is a young man, who inherits rather a scrofulous constitution, his father having died of a form of that disease, called consumption of the bowels. The son had, some years ago, a similar attack, but seems now to have entirely recovered. Now my question, and one which involves the happiness of one most dear to me, is: would it be right or safe for this young man to marry, especially as the young lady he loves is not very robust, with possibly a slight tendency to consumption? And would their children, should they do so, be likely to inherit the disease in an aggravated form, or to be deformed. If you will answer these questions, according to your honest convictions, you will confer an unspeakable favor upon an anxious friend." 1st. You cannot get a chromo of a landscape scene of the size mentioned, for five dollars. The price for either engraving or chromo of that size will be about ten dollars. 2d. We would be glad to oblige you if it were in our power. 3d. It is impossible to decide positively in cases of this kind. Results occasionally are contrary to the most reasonable predictions. It may be possible that the attack of the disease which the gentleman has experienced has eradicated the seeds of it from his system. But the probability is that their children would not inherit perfectly healthy systems. We see no reason, however, for supposing that they would be deformed.

B. B., (Newberry, S. C.,) writes: "As I have seen so many answers to correspondents in your valuable paper, I am induced to ask you a few question. 1st. When a lady and gentleman are walking the street together, is it proper for the lady to take the gentleman's arm, if he offers it? 2d. Do you know of anything to remove pimples from the face? 3d. Can you tell me a pretty way to do my hair for a girl of fifteen? 4th. What do you think of my handwriting?" 1st. Perfectly proper. She is not, however, obliged to take it because he offers it. She must be governed in this by her own judgment. 2d. The only things we can recommend is open-air exercise and proper food. 3d. We cannot tell, without seeing you, what style of wearing the hair would become you. 4th. It sadly needs improvement.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 49 letters.

My 21, 12, 44, 32, 5, 17, was the name of the Spaniard who first discovered that America was not a portion of the Eastern Continent.

My 25, 14, 18, 11, 46, 25, 49, 45, is the name of a planet.

My 4, 28, 41, 47, 8, was the birthplace of Columbus.

My 48, 22, 10, 6, 24, 36, 48, 16, 27, 20, is the name of a city in the United States.

My 25, 40, 13, 17, 34, 31, 39, 7, 12, 29, 28, 38, was the name of a celebrated American general during the Revolutionary War.

My 11, 26, 25, 16, 19, 49, 37, 17, is the name of a high, rocky island noted as the place of exile and death of Napoleon Bonaparte.

My 34, 23, 45, 19, 33, 38, 25, 40, 11, 6, 45, 44, 31, 23, 38, was the name of a Roman king.

My 38, 29, 3, 12, 42, 27, 14, 10, 46, 16, is the name of a river in North America.

My 48, 17, 15, 9, 38, 47, 10, was the name of a President of the United States.

My 2, 23, 46, 30, 49, 34, 35, 33, 11, was the name of a celebrated Roman poet.

My whole is quite a true maxim.

Seaboard, N. C. EUGENE.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NAMES OF AMERICAN CITIES.

SOUTH AMERICA.	NORTH AMERICA.
1. See, a boy's run.	6. Hill had a pipe.
2. Move on tide.	7. We met Sir Ned.
3. Gay Laura.	8. Worn key.
4. Race Lad.	9. Labor time.
5. Spare pilot.	10. Try to sew.
	11. No more.

Seaboard, N. C. EUGENE.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My *first* is often found in my *second;*
My *whole* a beautiful plant is reckon'd.

Fort Totten, D. T. GAHMEW.

WORD SQUARE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. Part of a vessel.
2. A tree.
3. A female name.
4. Used for music.

Fort Totten, D. T. GAHMEW.

CHARADES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

My 1st is an instrument of punishment.
My 2d is one-third of an ell.
My 3d is often seen in newly-mown meadows.
My 4th is one of the blessings of the night.
My whole is one of Scott's characters.

II.

My 1st is a personal pronoun.
My 2d is part of the human frame.
My 3d is a product of farms.
My whole, an improving study.

III.

My 1st is a title of respect.
My 2d is part of the verb to be.
My 3d is what we do when taking our tea.
My 4th is a popular dish.
My whole is a State in the Union.

IV.

My 1st is man, expressed in a foreign tongue.
My 2d is the author of many crimes.
My 3d is something we all have but have never seen.
My 4th is a common article.
My whole is the birthplace of many great men.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If the sides of a triangle be bisected, and perpendiculars be drawn from the points of bisection to the circumference of the circumscribed circle, they will measure 10, 34 and 98 rods, respectively. Required—the diameter of the circumscribed and inscribed circles, and the sides of the triangle.

☞ An answer is requested.

E. P. NORTON.
Allen, Hillsdale, Co., Mich.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

ENIGMA—White hands never offend.

ANAGRAMS—1, Council Bluffs; 2, Topeka; 3, Indianapolis; 4, Monroe; 5, Natchitoches; 6, Helena; 7, San Francisco; 8, Duluth; 9, Taylor's Falls; 10, Visalia; 11, Chillicothe, 12, Santa Fe.

BURIED STATES—1, Vermont; 2, Indiana; 3, Missouri; 4, Maine; 5, Nevada; 6, Iowa, 7, Georgia.

WORD SQUARES—

I.	II.	III.
A R A L	S L E D	I O N A
R O M E	L Y R E	O V I D
A M O O	E R I E	N I L E
L E O N	D E E P	A D E N

HIDDEN BIRDS—1, Snipe; 2, Owl; 3, Dove; 4, Heron; 5, Pelican.

PROMBLEM—64.3025 rods.

RECEIPTS.

"CORNED BEEF."—The pickle should be made as follows:—To six gallons of water add nine pounds of pure salt, three pounds of brown sugar, one quart of molasses, three ounces of saltpetre, and one ounce of pearl-ash. Let these ingredients be boiled and carefully skimmed as long as impurities from the sugar and salt continues to rise to the surface.

"Knickerbocker pickle, just what everybody knew before," you say. But wait a moment, and see if we don't tell you something you did not know before. When the water is ready to receive the rest of the material, pour in the saltpetre *only*, and when dissolved and the water boiling, dip your beef, piece by piece, into the boiling saltpetre water, holding it for a few seconds only in the hot bath. When the beef has all been thus immersed and becomes quite cool, pack it in the cask where it is to remain. Then proceed with your pickle as at first directed, and when perfectly cold, pour it upon the meat, which should be kept down by a cover and stone.

The immersing of the beef in hot saltpetre water contracts the surface by closing the pores, and prevents the juices of the meat from going out into the pickle. The saltpetre absorbed by the contracted or cooked surfaces will modify the salt that passes through it, the whole producing the most perfect result.

Beef cured in this manner will preserve its color, and cut almost as juicy and inviting as a fresh roast. It is as unlike the hard, blue, briny, knotted substance sold at markets, and frequently cured at home, miscalled "corned beef," as a sirloin differs from a steak cut three inches back of the borne, and sold for porter-house. Try it and see.

HOARSENESS.—Take the whites of two eggs and beat them; add two spoonfuls of white sugar; grate in a little nutmeg, and then add a pint of lukewarm water. Stir well, and drink often. Repeat the preparation if necessary, and it will cure the most obstinate case of hoarseness in a short time.